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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JUNE 1919

1/6 Net MONTHLY

Aforetime — T. Sturge Moore
Classic American Literature (viii) — D. H. Lawrence
The Lunary Copris — Henri Fabre
Rapunzel — J. Maconechy
The Nationalisation of Shipping — Sir Leo Chiozza Money
Might and Right in Ireland — Erskine Childers
A Hundred Years Ago
The Throttle-hold
Covenant or Tilsit? — Austin Harrison
Afghanistan and Islam — "Seminole"

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The Best War Memorial

¶ We are constantly discussing war memorials, and our thoughts too often run to monuments in stone, but the best of all war memorials to our brave and unforgotten dead are the memorials to help the living. The disabled soldier has first claim, and efforts should be untiring on his behalf. Then there are the demands of the widow and orphan, and educational schemes are of vital importance if the world is to be a world at peace. The Church Army, which has done such splendid work during the war, is equally strenuous in its efforts now that the great conflict has ceased. It is endeavouring to establish a great war memorial which is to take the form of a social centre, village club, or institute, and daily urgent requests are received to carry on this work and thus make village life attractive. Gifts of from £500 to £1,000 would enable the Church Army to comply with these urgent requests in raising this form of memorial and helping to make life worth while for those who are left behind. All particulars of the scheme can be obtained from the Secretary, Social Centres, Church Army, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, and all cheques are payable to Prebendary Carlile. The Church Army's Social Centres are open to all without distinction of creed or sex. Men who have formed the "Dry Hut Habit" on active service are calling for similar means of company and recreation without alcohol at home.

Summer Suits and Hats

¶ Summer has burst suddenly upon us with all its warmth and beauty, and made it imperative for us to do all we can to meet it dressed in our best garb. We have practically jumped straight from fur coats into silken frocks, so sudden has been the transition from cold to hot weather. There are many charming suits designed by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, in heavy-weight tailoring crêpe de Chine at 8½ guineas. They cannot, however, be sent on approval, so it is well to pay an early visit of inspection. These costumes are made exclusively for Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove in their own workrooms from fine quality white crêpe de Chine, with stripes in various artistic colours. The coats are cut with stripes becomingly worked, giving long lines, and they have pockets, and have plain, well-cut skirts. There are fascinating jumpers of original design also made in fine quality crêpe de Chine with smocked yoke and cuffs, with frills going over the hand, and deep hems put on with hand veining. They are priced at 49*s.* 6*d.* in black, navy, and all delicate shades. The hats this spring are particularly picturesque, and there are many new models in the millinery *salons*. The new mushroom shape is likely to be the most popular style, a particularly effective model being in black lisère straw

Mr. Andrew Melrose,

the well-known Publisher, writes:

"16th April, 1919.

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All particulars from the Secretary, Social Centres, Church Army, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1. (Telephone, Paddington, 3440.) Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Honorary Chief Secretary.

with a wreath of quaint mixed flowers, and draped with a fashionable veil. Another dainty mushroom hat in black silk taffeta has a kilted edge and silk tied at the side. There is a copy of a Reboux model in soft satin ribbon in black and in colours, and a charming little soft satin cap in black, which is quaintly embroidered with gold cord. These hats are all adapted from the latest Paris models.

The Simpler Life

¶ The majority of people are tired after the turmoil of war, and desire to lead simpler and quieter lives. Women especially want houses of the newer kind in which housework is reduced to a minimum and possessions reduced to the fewest. This does not necessarily mean that beauty in the home is not available, for beauty is combined with comfort and simplicity, and anyone who pays a visit to that splendid new establishment of Messrs. Heal and Son in Tottenham Court Road will discover simplicity with beauty in furniture fabrics, floor coverings, and the varied accessories of wall and table decoration. Here one finds all the work of modern artists, as well as valuable and genuine antiques. The "Mansard" flat itself gives an idea of a complete furnishing scheme which will appeal to many, but it is easy to make one's own scheme very quickly by the helpful suggestions all round one at Heal's. A wealth of colour and beauty in china and in glass for useful and decorative purposes is artistically displayed in the spacious first-floor gallery. There is a special novelty in glass resembling Alabaster, made in beautiful blues, pinks, greens, and other colours. There are cups and saucers and plates, as well as bowls and pots, which will make a great appeal to those in search of something new. The bright-coloured china for cottage furniture is displayed to the best advantage, and there is nothing nicer for use on the well-designed tables of clean, unpolished oak.

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Feathers Replace Furs

¶ We wear fur coats and fur wraps for so many months of the year in this country that when the summer comes we feel that it is necessary to have some substitute, and so the feather wrap is the appropriate and fascinating finish for all suits and dresses. Feathers, indeed, are to have a great run, and especially those of the uncurled drooping kind. They adorn the newest millinery; they droop in cape-like form from neck-wear—feathers and fringe are our barbaric fancy, and a riot of colour. The new fashion in feathers is seen at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's at Wigmore Street, where there are many styles of the drooping capes, which may be just shoulder length, or hang to the waist in double-cape effect. The ends of the feathers curl effectively, and nothing could be more graceful or suitable for wear with an evening or dainty day frock. There are fascinating little curled ruffles in a variety of shades, which can be worn as a smart finish to a tailor-made, for they are small and close-fitting, and encircle the neck like the small fur collar of winter wear. Others that are full and luxurious, made of Lancer plumes, make really handsome collars, and are certainly most becoming in the variety of beautiful colours of which they are made.

The Age of the Pen

¶ We have no time in this busy age for the literary penmanship of our fathers, and yet never has there been a period when more writing has been done, and if we had to depend on the quills that contented them we should fare badly. Thank goodness that we have a trusty "Swan" to fall back on which is always at hand and ready to write on the instant, and it can be had still at the pre-war price of half a guinea. The smooth gold nib exactly suited to each hand makes writing a pleasure, and lasts a lifetime with reasonable care. Most of us have arrears of correspondence to make up, neglect of which may have been excusable during the war, but should now be wiped off, so we can call into service our "Swan" fount pen to get in touch with our friends. The clerk who returns to his office, the author to his books, will certainly appreciate the help of the ever-ready "Swan," the various styles of which are illustrated in a special catalogue obtainable post free from Messrs. Mabie Todd and Co.

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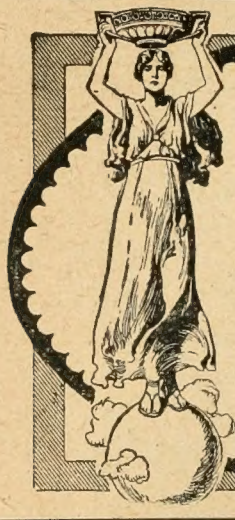

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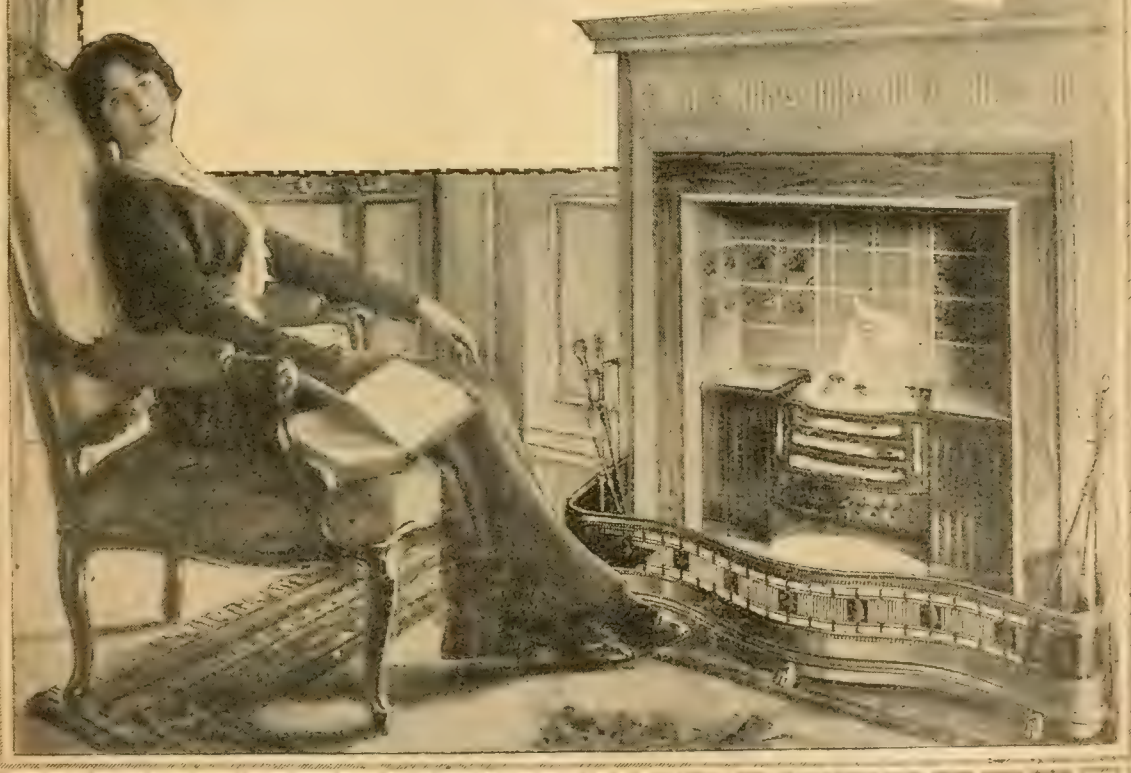

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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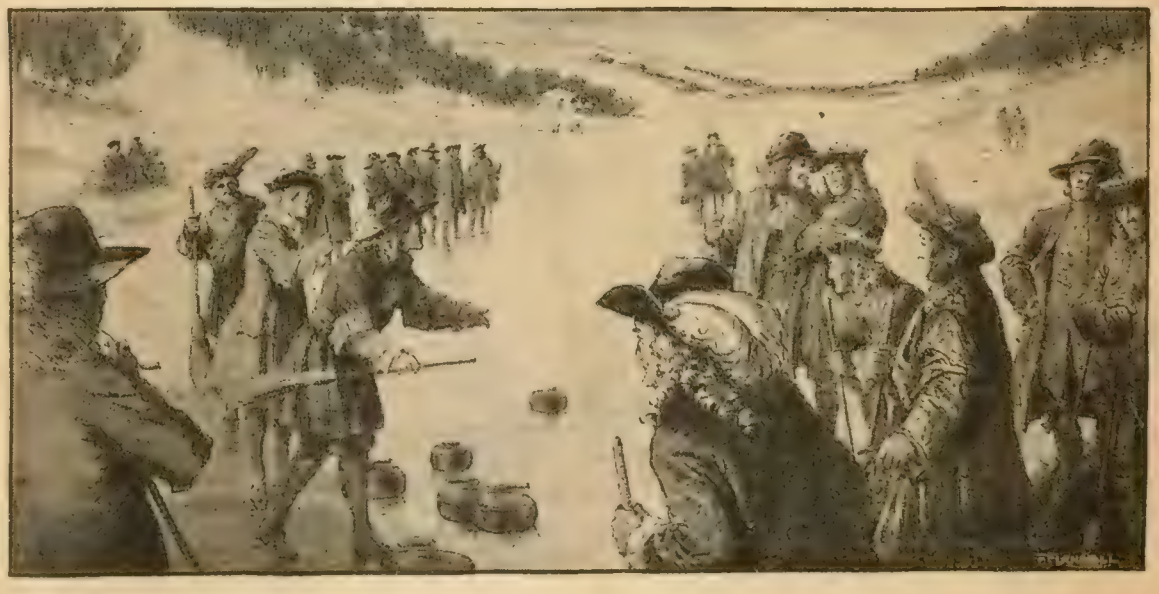

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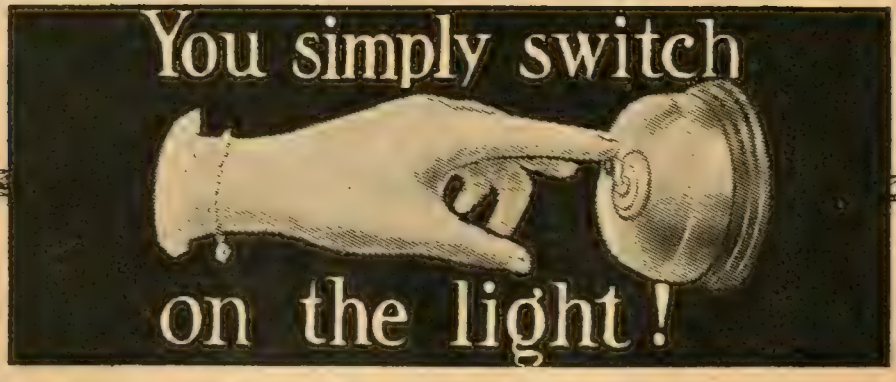

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By sheer persistence in self-eulogy the Victorians succeeded in imposing the belief upon a patient world that the Great Exhibition was the apotheosis of culture, and the Royal Academy the apotheosis of all art, and that style and taste being Victorian inventions, the Albert hat and the bustle were the last word in the world of dress.

And in the face of all historical teaching the monstrous doctrine was inculcated that ugliness is masculine, and that fastidiousness, particularly in dress, is a sign of effeminacy, of decadence.

The world has abandoned most of the Albertian doctrine and is reforming most things; yet the moment reform in man's dress is mentioned, the cry goes up that "dandyism" is effeminate.

A quaint battle-cry of a barbarous age!

* * *

I would commend these critics to study history. I would ask them to learn that Byron was neither effeminate nor a fool. D'Orsay had character and wit, the maligned Brummell was a man of parts, Disraeli was a notorious dandy. Dumas the elder and Gautier were lovers of colour and gorgeous attire, whilst in the eighteenth century Hume, Garrick, and Walpole were classed amongst the best dressed men of their age.

The beaux, the bucks, and the dandies of history, from the Restoration to the commencement of the Victorian era, were men to whom the colour and set of a coat, the fold of a cravat, had a meaning and men who deliberately prided themselves upon their knowledge of dress.

And these men were also as punctilious in the fields of public and private honour—the battle and the duel.

There was nothing peculiarly effeminate in them.

* * *

We have vulgarised the clothes tradition.

The reign of the dandies was the reign of men with brains, with ideas; outre, extravagant at times, but with keen artistic sensibilities, men of brilliance whose very fastidiousness was a duty they owed to their own self-respect.

And now a new race of men has arisen who repudiate the interregnum of ugliness—I predict that we are on the eve of a revolution in men's dress.

* * *

It will take time for the new colour blended materials to be manufactured, meanwhile the House of Pope & Bradley is supplying the best materials at present procurable. The prices are not profiteering and are within reach of men with incomes of less than £10,000 a year. Lounge Suits from **£9 9 0;** Dinner Suits from **£12 12 0;** Overcoats from **£10 10 0.**

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1919

Aforetime

By Sturge Moore

To GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

DEAR exile from the hurrying crowd,
At work I muse to you aloud;
Thought on my anvil softens, glows,
And I forget our art has foes;
For life, the mother of beauty, seems
A joyous sleep with waking dreams.
Then the toy armoury of the brain
Opining, judging, looks as vain
As trowels silver gilt for use
Of mayors and kings, who have to lay
Foundation stones in hope they may
Be honoured for walls others build.
I, in amicable muse,
With fathomless wonder only filled,
Whisper over to your ear
Listening two hundred odd miles north,
And give thought chase that, were you here,
Our talk would never run to earth.

Man can answer no momentous question:
Whence comes his spirit? Has it lived before?
Reason fails; hot springs of feeling spout
Their snowy columns high in the dim land
Of his surmise—violent divine decisions
That often rule him: and at times he views

Portraits of places he has never been to,
Yet more minute and vivid than remembrance
Of boyhood homes, sail between sleep and waking
Like some mirage, refuting all experience
With topsy-turvy ships,
That steals by in dead calms through tropic haze:
And many a man in his climacteric years,
Thoughts and remembered words have roused from sleep
With knowledge that he lacked on lying down:
And I, lapped in a trance of reverie, doubt
Some spore of episodes
Anterior far beyond this body's birth,
Dispersed like puffs of dust impalpable,
Wind-carried round this globe for centuries,
May, breathed with common air, yet swim the blood,
And striking root in this or that brain, raise
Imaginations unaccountable;
One such seems half-implied in all I am,
And many times re-pondered shapes like this:

A child myself I watch a woman loll
Like to a clot of seaweed thrown ashore;
Heavy and limp as cloth soaked in black dye,
She glooms the noontide dazzle where a bay
Bites into vineyarded flats close-fenced by hills,
Over whose tops lap forests of cork and fir
And reach in places half down their rough slopes.
Lower, some few cleared fields square on the thickets
Of junipers and longer thorns than furze
So clumped that they are trackless even for goats
I know two things about that woman: first
She is a slave and I am free, and next
As mothers need their sons' love she needs mine.
Longings to utter fond compassionate sounds
Stir through me, checked by knowing wiser folk
Reprobate such indulgence. Ill at ease,
Mute, yet her captive, I thrust brown toes through
Loose sand no daily large tides overwhelm
To cake and roll it firm and smooth and clean
As the Atlantic remakes shores, you know.
But there, like trailing skirts, long flaws of wind
Obliterate the prints feet during calms

Track over and over its always lonely stretch,
Till some will have it ghosts must rove at night;
For folk by day are rare, yet a still week
Leaves hardly ten yards anywhere uncrossed;
Tempest spreads all revirginate like snow,
Half burying dead wood snapped off from tossed trees,
Since right along the foreshore, out of reach
Of furious driven waves, three hundred pines
Straggle the marches between sand and soil.
Like maps of stone-walled fields their branching roots
Hold the silt still so that thin grass grows there,
Its blades whitened with travelling powdery drift
The besom of the lightest breeze sets stirring.
That woman's gaze toils worn from remote years,
Yet forward yearns through the bright spacious noon,
Beyond the farthest isle, whose filmy shape
Floats faint on the sea-line.
I, scooping grains up with the frail half-shell
Pale green and white-lined of sea-urchin, knew
What her eyes sought as often children know
Of grief or sin they could not name or think of
Yet sooth or shrink from, so I saw and longed
To heal her tender wound and yet said naught.
The energy of bygone joy and pain
Had left her listless figure charged with magic
That caught and held my idleness near hers.
Resentful of her power, my spirit chafed
Against its own deep pity, as though it were
Raised ghost and she the witch had bid it haunt me.
What's more I knew this slave by rights should glean
And faggot drift-wood, not lounge there and waste
My father's food dreaming his time away.
For then as now the common-minded rich
Grudged ease to those whose toil brought them in means
For every waste of life. At length I spoke,
Insulting both my inarticulate soul
And her with acted anger: "Lazy wretch,
Is it for eyes like yours to watch the sea
As though you waited for a homing ship?
My father might with reason spend his hours
Scanning the far horizon; for his Swan
Whose outward lading was full half a vintage

Is now months overdue." She turned on me
Her languor knit and, through its homespun wrap,
Her muscular frame gave hints of rebel will,
While those great caves of night, her eyes, faced mine,
Dread with the silence of unuttered wrongs:
At last she spoke as one who must be heeded.
Truly, I am not clear
Whether her meaning was conveyed in words
(She mingled accents of an eastern tongue
With deformed phrases of our native Latin)
Or whether thought from her gaze poured through mine.
The gravity of recollected life
Was hers, condensed and, like a vision, flashed
Suddenly on the guilty mind, a whole
Compact, no longer a mere tedious string
Of moments negligible, each so small
As they were lived, but stark like a slain man
Who would alive have been ourself with twice
The skill, the knowledge, the vitality
Actually ours. Yea, as a tree may view
With fingerless boughs and lorn pole impotent,
An elephant gorged upon its leaves depart,
Men often have reviewed an unwieldy past,
That like a feasted Mammoth, leisured and slow,
Turned its back on their warped bones. Even thus,
Momentous with reproach, her grave regard
Made me feel mean, cashiered of rank and right,
My limbs that twelve good years had nursed were numbed
And all their fidgety quicksilver grew stiff,
Novel and fevering hallucinations
Invaded my attention. So daylight
When shutters are thrown back spreads through a house;
As then the dreams and terrors of the night
Decamp, so from my mind were driven
All its own thoughts and feelings. Close she leant
Propped on a swarthy arm, while the other helped
With eloquent gesture potent as wizard wand,
Veil the world off as with an airy web,
Or flowing tent a-gleam with pictured folds.
These tauten and distend—one sea of wheat,
Islanded with black cities, borders now
The voluminous blue pavilion of day.

There-under to the nearest of those towns
This woman younger by ten years made haste
While at her side ran a small boy of six.
They neared the walls, half a huge double gate
Lay prostrate, though the other by stone hinges
Hung to its flanking tower. The path they followed
Threaded an old paved road whose flags were edged
With dry grass and dry weeds, even cactuses
Had pushed the stones up or found root in muck heaps;
The path struck up the slope of the fallen door,
Basalt like midnight, o'er which dusty feet
Had greyed a passage, for it rested on
Some débris fallen from the left-hand tower,
And from its upper edge rude blocks like steps
Led down into the straight main street, that ran
Past eyeless buildings mined as it were from coal,
And earthquake-raised to light. Palaces and
Roofless wide-flighted colonnaded temples,
The uncemented walls piled-plumb with blocks
Squared, polished, fitted with dæmonic patience.
Each gaping threshold high again as need be
Waited a nine-foot lord to enter hall,
Where the least draughty corner sheltered now
Half-tented hut or improvised small home
For Arab, brown, light-footed and proud-necked
As was this woman with the compelling voice.
Their present hutched and hived within that past
As bees in the parchment chest of Samson's lion;
And all seemed conscious that their life was sweet,
Like mice who clean their faces after meals
And have such grace of movement, when unscared,
As wins the admiration even of those
Whose stores they rob and soil. I saw her eyes
Young with contentment in her son
And smaller babe and in their handsome sire,
And knew that many a supper had been relished
With hearts as joyous as waited while she cooked
And served upon returning to their cot
In hall where once far other hearts caroused.
They and their tribe could never reap a tithe
Of the vast harvest rustling round those ruins,
And over which a half-moon soon set forth

From black hills mounded up both east and south,
While north-west her light played on distant summits;
All the huge interspace floored with standing corn
Which kings afar send soldiery to reap,
Who now, beside a long canal cut straight
In ancient days, have pitched their noisy camp
Which on that vast staid silence makes a bruise
Of blare and riot that its robust health
Will certainly heal in a brief lapse of time.

One night, re-thought on after ten whole years,
Is like the condor high above the Andes,
A speck with difficulty found again
Once the attention quits it. And I next
Descried our woman under breathless noon,
Bathing in a clear lane of gliding water
Whose banks seem lonely as the path of light
Crossing mid ocean south of Capricorn.
Her son steals warily after a butterfly
And is as hushed with hope to capture it
As are the birds with heat. An insect hum
Circles the spot as round a cymbal's rim,
Long after it has clanged, tingles a throb
Which in a dream forgets the parent sound,
Oppressed by this protracted and awe-filled pause,
She hardly dares to wade the stream and moves
As though in dread to wake some sleeping god,
Yet still she nears and nears the further bank
Where there is shade under a shumac's eaves.
The brilliant surface cut her right in two,
And the reflection of her bronzed torso
Hid all beneath the polished gliding mirror;
How her face listened to that sleep divine
Whose audible breath was tuned to dreams of bliss!

Sudden, as though the woof of heaven were torn,
A strident shout rang from some neighbour shrubs;
Three Nubian soldiers ran up on her with
Delighted oily faces. Screaming first
Commands to her small son to make for home,
She laboured to recross the current as when
In nightmares the scared soul expects to die

Tortured by mutiny in limbs like lead,
But as the playful lion of the sea
Climbs the rock ledges hard by Fingal's cave
To throw himself down into deep green baths,
While others barking follow his vigorous lead,
The foremost Abyssinian threw his weight
Before her with a splash that hid them both,
As the explosion of light-filled liquid parcels
Shot forth in all directions. In his arms
She re-appeared, a tragic terrified face
Beside his coarse one laughing with success.
Squeezing her with a pantomime of love,
He turns to follow an arrow with his eyes
That his companion, still upon the bank,
Has aimed towards her son's small head that bobbed
Like a black cork across the basking corn.
But from the level of the sunk stream bed
Neither he nor she could see the target aimed at,
Yet in the pause they heard the poor child scream;
A second arrow, second scream; she fought,
But soon like bundle bound, hung o'er his shoulder,
Helpless as a mouse in cat's mouth carried off
In search of quiet, there to play with it.
Those arrows missed or did they not? The child
Shrieked twice, yet scarcely like a wounded thing
She thought and hoped and still but thinks and hopes.
Where is that boy? Where is her husband now?
While she submitted body to force and soul
To the great shuddering violence of despair
How had their life progressed in that far place?
Compassion fused my consciousness with hers
And second-sighted eloquence arose
To claim my mind for rostrum,
But obstinately tranced
My eyes clung to their vision;
For regions to explore allure the boy
No stretch of thought or sea of feeling tempts.
Entranced, the mind I then had, haunted
Those basalt ruins. High on sable towers
Some silky patriarchal goat appears
And ponders silent streets, or suddenly
Some nanny, her huge bag swollen with milk,

Trots out on galleries that unfenced run
Round vacant courts, there, stopped by plaintive kids,
Lets them complete their meal. While always, always,
Throughout, those mazed, sullen and sun-soaked walls,
The steady, healthy wind,
Which often blows for weeks without a lull
Across that upland plain,
Flutes staidly. Moaning
Continuously as seas
Or forests before storm,
And, gathering moment,
Articulated by her woe, begins
With second-sighted eloquence
To wail through me,
Nigh as unheeded,
As though it still had been
Meaningless wind.

For ah! the heart is cowed
And dares not use her strength,
Hears the kind impulse plead
Against the common avaricious fear,
Grants it but life, though sovereignty was due
Or doles it sway but one day out of seven
Or one a year.

So, so, and ever, so
In the close-curtained court
Those causes are deferred
Which most import;
These wait man's leisure.
These daily matters elbow;
Merely because
His panic meanness
Jibs blindly ere it hear
What wisdom has prepared,
Bolts headlong ere it see
Her face unfold its smile.
Man after man, race after race
Drops jaded by the iterancy
Of petty fear.
Even as horses on the green steppes grazing,

Hundreds scattered through lonely peacefulness,
If shadow of cloud or red fox breaking earth
Delude but one with dream of a stealthy foe,
All are stampeded.
Their frantic torrent draws in,
With dire attraction, cumulative force,
Stragglers grazing miles from where it started;
On it thunders quite devoid of meaning.
The tender private soul
Thus takes contagion from the sordid crowd,
And shying at mere dread of loss,
Loses the whole of life.
Thus, in the vortex of a base turmoil,
Those myriad million energies wear down
That might have raised mankind
To live the life of gods.
Had but my soul been his,
As his was mine,
Those wind-resembling accents
Had found fit auditor.
Their second-sighted eloquence,
Welcomed with acclamation,
Had fired action.
But that was ages since: he was not then
What now I am,
Who have no longer
The opportunity then mine, then missed,—
Who still am dazed and troubled
Surmising others mine, others missed.

Passionate, never-wearied voice
Tombed in thy brittle shell,
This human heart
Thou croonest age on age,
"Give and ask not,
Help and blame not,"
Heeded less than large and mottled cowry
The which at least some child may hold to ear
All smiles to listen.

Thou findest parables;
With fond imagination

Adorning truth
For the successive
Unpersuaded
Generations.

This boy, myself that was,
Musing visions by that woman raised,
Watched that land she came from, towned with ruins
Send mile-long files of laden camels out
With grain to hostile cities,—
Knew too the blue entrancing plain of waters
Teemed with fresh shoals, buoyed up indifferently,
Fisher—trader—pirate bark,—
Even the straight thought whispered at his ear,
"Thy lips might join with hers as with some cousin's,
Here, now, at noon,
Hugging her bereavéd sadness close,
And still, to-night, with equal satisfaction,
Thy mother's blind contentment with her son."
While half-seduced, half-chafed, his mind was shaken
As with conflicting gusts a choppy sea,
His eyes, still greedy of their visions,
Fastened a swarthy town enisled in wheat,
And to the ebon threshold of each house,
Conjured forth the man that each was planned for:
Great creatures smiling with his father's smile,
Muscular, wealthy and self-satisfied,
Wearing loud-coloured raiment, earrings, chains,
Armlet and buckle, all of clanking gold.
His spirit drank from theirs great draughts of pride
And read their minds more clearly than his own;
All, with one counsel like a chorus, dinned
His soul that then was mine,
With truths well-proved in action.
"Love is chaos,
For order's sake
Whatever must be, should be,"
Roared those bulls of Bashan.
Then their proud chant argued,
"How should this woman know
Her little lad again,
Who either now is bones

Under the fertile field,
Or well nigh a grown man?
Say they should cross at market
Both slaves would pass on, not a start the wiser.
What is she then to him
Or he to her
After these years?
To drag a life that might have been but is not
With toil of mind and heart,
Through dreary year on year,
Neglecting for its sake the life that is,
Spells folly and ingratitude to those
Who treat their slaves well.
Thy father's household and thyself should be
More to her now than those who may be dead,
The place she lives in dearer
Than any unattainable far land
Where she is more forgotten than old dreams.
Why make the day of evil worse
By dwelling on it after it has past?
Near things alone are real,
Now is the whole of time:
Places beyond the horizon are but pictures;
Memory cheats the eye with an illusion!"

"Your thoughts are sound, bold builders,
I am my father's son.
Behold this home-shore, these our hills, this bay,
And this our slave!—
Up, work, look sharp about it!"
Bounding a foot and fast retiring from her,
I stoop for stones strewn thick about the sand,
Aim them, fling them,
And, as my idle arm resumes the knack,
Score a hit and laugh
To see her stumble hurt, behind the pine trunks.
"Unless you work, I throw again,
To it and steady at it.
Mark me, drab, we Camilli
Mean what we say."
Stone after stone still flies,
But aimed to knock chips from the pine-boles now;

For she is busy gathering sticks, increasing
Her distance as she may. The noon is sultry,
Heated and clammy, I,
Towards the live waves turning, slip my tunic,
Then run in naked.
Cooled and soothed by swimming,
Both mind and heart from their late tumult tuned
To placid acquiescent health,
I float, suspended in the limpid water,
Passive, rhythmically governed;
So tranced worlds travel the dark shoreless ether.

"Where should this stream of pictures tend?"
No, Bottomley, you will not ask;
To you I am quite free to send
The unexpected, unexplained
You will not take me thus to task.

So they be painted well, they live;
If ill, they yet may cling to fame
Associated with your name.
In which case you, and not I, give
That we are both contented with.

Studies in Classic American Literature (viii)

By D. H. Lawrence

The Two Principles.

After Hawthorne come the books of the sea. In Dana and Herman Melville the human relationship is no longer the chief interest. The sea enters as the great protagonist.

The sea is a cosmic element, and the relation between the sea and the human psyche is impersonal and elemental. The sea that we dream of, the sea that fills us with hate or with bliss, is a primal influence upon us beyond the personal range.

We need to find some terms to express such elemental connections as between the ocean and the human soul. We need to put off our personality, even our individuality, and enter the region of the elements.

There certainly does exist a subtle and complex sympathy, correspondence, between the plasm of the human body, which is identical with the primary human psyche, and the material elements outside. The primary human psyche is a complex plasm, which quivers, sense-conscious, in contact with the circumambient cosmos. Our plasmic psyche is radio-active, connecting with all things, and having first-knowledge of all things.

The religious systems of the pagan world did what Christianity has never tried to do: they gave the true correspondence between the material cosmos and the human soul. The ancient cosmic theories were exact, and apparently perfect. In them science and religion were in accord.

When we postulate a beginning, we only do so to fix a starting-point for our thought. There never was a beginning, and there never will be an end of the universe. The creative mystery, which is life itself, always was and always will be. It unfolds itself in pure living creatures.

Following the obsolete language, we repeat that in the beginning was the creative reality, living and substantial,

although apparently void and dark. The living cosmos divided itself, and there was Heaven and Earth: by which we mean, not the sky and the terrestrial globe, for the Earth was still void and dark; but an inexplicable first duality, a division in the cosmos. Between the two great valves of the primordial universe, moved "the Spirit of God," one unbroken and indivisible heart of creative being. So that, as two great wings that are spread, the living cosmos stretched out the first Heaven and the first Earth, terms of the inexplicable primordial duality.

Then the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. As no "waters" are yet created, we may perhaps take the mystic "Earth" to be the same as the Waters. The mystic Earth is the cosmic Waters, and the mystic Heaven the dark cosmic Fire. The Spirit of God, moving between the two great cosmic principles, the mysterious universal dark Waters and the invisible, unnameable cosmic Fire, brought forth the first created apparition, Light. From the darkness of primordial fire, and the darkness of primordial waters, light is born, through the intermediacy of creative presence.

Surely this is true, scientifically, of the birth of light.

After this, the waters are divided by the firmament. If we conceive of the first division in Chaos, so-called, as being perpendicular, the inexplicable division into the first duality, then this next division, when the line of the firmament is drawn, we can consider as horizontal: thus we have the ⊕, the elements of the Rosy Cross, and the first enclosed appearance of that tremendous symbol, which has dominated our era, the Cross itself.

The universe at the end of the Second Day of Creation is, therefore, as the Rosy Cross, a fourfold division. The mystic Heaven, the cosmic dark Fire is not spoken of. But the firmament of light divides the waters of the unfathomable heights from the unfathomable deeps of the other half of chaos, the still unformed earth. These strange unfathomable waters breathe back and forth, as the earliest Greek philosophers say, from one realm to the other.

Central within the fourfold division is the creative reality itself, like the body of a four-winged bird. It has thrown forth from itself two great wings of opposite Waters, two great wings of opposite Fire. Then the

universal motion begins, the cosmos begins to revolve, the eternal flight is launched.

Changing the metaphors and attending to the material universe only, we may say that sun and space are now born. Those waters and that dark fire which are drawn together in the creative spell impinge into one centre in the sun; those waters and that fire which flee asunder in the creative spell form space.

So that we have a fourfold division in the cosmos, and a fourfold travelling. We have the waters under the firmament and the waters above the firmament: we have the fire to the left hand and the fire to the right hand of the firmament; and we have each travelling back and forth across the firmament. Which means, scientifically, that invisible waters steal towards the sun, right up to feed the sun, whilst new waters are shed away from the sun, into space; whilst invisible dark fire rolls its waves to the sun, and new fire floods out into space. The sun is the great mystery-centre where the invisible fires and the invisible waters roll together, brought together in the magnificence of the creative spell of opposition, to wrestle and consummate in the formation of the orb of light. Night, on the other hand, is Space presented to our consciousness, that space or infinite which is the travelling asunder of the primordial elements, and which we recognise in the living darkness.

So the ancient cosmology, always so perfect theoretically, becomes, by the help of our scientific knowledge, physically, actually perfect. The great fourfold division, the establishment of the Cross, which has so thrilled the soul of man from ages far back before Christianity, far back in pagan America as well as in the Old World, becomes real to our reason as well as to our instinct.

Cosmology, however, considers only the creation of the material universe, and according to the scientific idea life itself is but a product of reactions in the material universe. This is palpably wrong.

When we repeat that on the First Day of Creation God made Heaven and Earth we do not suggest that God disappeared between the two great valves of the cosmos once these were created. Yet this is the modern, scientific attitude. Science supposes that once the first forces was in existence, and the first motion set up, the universe

produced itself automatically, throwing off life as a by-product, at a certain stage.

It is such an idea which has brought about the materialisation and emptiness of life. When God made Heaven and Earth, that is, in the beginning when the unthinkable living cosmos divided itself, God did not disappear. If we try to conceive of God, in this instance, we must conceive some homogeneous rare *living* plasm, a *living* self-conscious ether, which filled the universe. The living ether divided itself as an egg-cell divides. There is a mysterious duality, life divides itself, and yet life is indivisible. When life divides itself, there is no division in life. It is a new life-state, a new being which appears. So it is when an egg divides. There is no split in life. Only a new life-stage is created. This is the eternal oneness and magnificence of life, that it moves creatively on in progressive being, each state of being whole, integral, complete.

But as life moves on in creative singleness, its substance divides and subdivides into multiplicity. When the egg divides itself, a new stage of creation is reached, a new oneness of living being; but there appears also a new differentiation in inanimate substance. From the new life-being a new motion takes place: the inanimate reacts in its pure polarity, and a third stage of creation is reached. Life has now achieved a third state of being, a third creative singleness appears in the universe; and at the same time, inanimate substance has re-divided and brought forth from itself a new creation in the material world.

So creation goes on. At each new impulse from the creative body, All comes together with All: that is, the one half of the cosmos comes together with the other half, with a dual result. First issues the new oneness, the new singleness, the new life-state, the new being, the new individual; and secondly, from the locked opposition of inanimate dual matter, another singleness is born, another creation takes place, new matter, a new chemical element appears. Dual all the time is the creative activity: first comes forth the living apparition of new being, the perfect and indescribable singleness; and this embodies the single beauty of a new substance, gold or chlorine or sulphur. So it has been since time began. The gems of being were created simultaneously with the gems of matter, the latter inherent in the former.

Every new thing is born from the consummation of the two halves of the universe, the two great halves being the cosmic waters and the cosmic fire of the First Day. In procreation, the two germs of the male and female epitomise the two cosmic principles, as these are held within the life-spell. In the sun and the material waters the two principles exist as independent elements. Life-plasm mysteriously corresponds with inanimate matter. But life-plasm, in that it lives, is itself identical with being, inseparable from the singleness of a living being, the indivisible oneness.

Life can never be produced or made. Life is an unbroken oneness, indivisible. The mystery of creation is that new and indivisible being appears forever within the oneness of life.

In the cosmic theories of the creation of the world it has been customary for science to treat of life as a product of the material universe, whilst religion treats of the material universe as having been deliberately created by some will or idea, some sheer abstraction. Surely the universe has arisen from some universal living self-conscious plasm, plasm which has no origin and no end, but is life eternal and identical, bringing forth the infinite creatures of being and existence, living creatures embodying inanimate substance. There is no utterly immaterial existence, no spirit. The distinction is between living plasm and inanimate matter. Inanimate matter is released from the dead body of the world's creatures. It is the static residue of the living conscious plasm, like feathers of birds.

When the living cosmos divided itself, on the First Day, then the living plasm became twofold, twofold supporting a new state of singleness, new being; at the same time, the twofold living plasm contained the finite duality of the two unliving, material cosmic elements. In the transmutation of the plasm, in the interval of death, the inanimate elements are liberated into separate existence. The inanimate material universe is born through death from the living universe, to co-exist with it for ever.

We know that in its essence the living plasm is twofold. In the same way the dynamic elements of material existence are dual, the fire and the water. These two cosmic elements are pure mutual opposites, and on their

opposition the material universal is established. The attraction of the two, mutually opposite, sets up the revolution of the universe and forms the blazing heart of the sun. The sun is formed by the impinging of the cosmic water upon the cosmic fire, in the stress of opposition. This causes the central blaze of the universe.

In the same way, mid-way, the lesser worlds are formed, as the two universal elements become entangled, swirling on their way to the great central conjunction. The core of the worlds and stars is a blaze of the two elements as they rage interlocked into consummation. And from the fiery and moist consummation of the two elements all the material substances are finally born, perfected.

This goes on however, mechanically now, according to fixed, physical laws. The plasm of life, the state of living potentiality exists still central, as the body of a bird between the wings, and spontaneously brings forth the living forms we know. Ultimately, or primarily, the creative plasm has no laws. But as it takes form and multiple wonderful being, it keeps up a perfect law-abiding relationship with that other half of itself, the material inanimate universe. And the first and greatest law of creation is that all creation, even life itself, exists within the strange and incalculable balance of the two elements. In the living creature, fire and water must exquisitely balance, commingle, and consummate, this in continued mysterious process.

So we must look for life midway between fire and water. For where fire is purest, this is a sign that life has withdrawn itself, and is withheld. And the same with water. For by pure water we do not mean that bright liquid rain or dew or fountain stream. Water in its purest is water most abstracted from fire, as fire in its purest must be abstracted from water. And so, water becomes more essential as we progress through the rare crystals of snow and ice, on to that infinitely suspended invisible element which travels between us and the sun, inscrutable water such as life can know nothing of, for where it is, all life has long ceased to be. This is the true cosmic element. Our material water, as our fire, is still a mixture of fire and water.

It may be argued that water is proved to be a chemical compound, composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen.

But is it not more true that hydrogen and oxygen are the first naked products of the two parent-elements, water and fire. In all our efforts to decompose water we do but introduce fire into the water, in some naked form or other, and this introduction of naked fire into naked water *produces* hydrogen and oxygen, given the proper conditions of chemical procreation. Hydrogen and oxygen are the first-fruits of fire and water. This is the alchemistic air. But from the conjunction of fire and water within the living plasm arose the first matter, the Prima Materia of a living body, which, in its dead state, is the alchemistic Earth.

Thus, at the end of what is called the Second Day of Creation, the alchemistic Four Elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water have come into existence : the Air and the Earth born from the conjunction of Fire and Water within the creative plasm. Air is a final product. Earth is the incalculable and indefinable residuum of the living plasm. All other substance is born by the mechanical consummation of fire and water within this Earth. So no doubt it is the fire and water of the swirling universe, acting upon that Earth or dead plasm which results at the end of each life-phase, that has brought the solid globes into being, invested them with rock and metal.

The birth of the chemical elements from the grain of Earth, through the consummation of fire with water, is as magical, as incalculable as the birth of men. For from the material consummation may come forth a superb and enduring element, such as gold or platinum, or such strange, unstable elements as sulphur or phosphorus, phosphorus, a sheer apparition of water, and sulphur a netted flame. In phosphorus the watery principle is so barely held that at a touch the mystic union will break, whilst sulphur only waits to depart into fire. Bring these two unstable elements together, and a slight friction will cause them to burst spontaneously asunder, fire leaping out; or the phosphorus will pass off in watery smoke. The natives of Zoruba, in West Africa, having the shattered fragments of a great pagan culture in their memory, call sulphur the dung of thunder : the fire-dung, undigested excrement of the fierce consummation between the upper waters and the invisible fire.

The cosmic elements, however, have a two-fold direction.

When they move together, in the mystic attraction of mutual unknowing, then, in some host, some grain of Earth, or some grain of living plasm, they embrace and unite and the fountain of creation springs up, a new substance, or a new life-form. But there is also the great centrifugal motion, when the two flee asunder into space, into infinitude.

This fourfold activity is the root-activity of the universe. We have first the mystic dualism of pure otherness, that which science will not admit, and which Christianity has called "the impious doctrine of the two principles." This dualism extends through everything, even through the *soul* or *self* or *being* of any living creature. The self or soul is single, unique, and undivided, the gem of gems, the flower of flowers, the fulfilment of the universe. Yet *within* the self, which is single, the principle of dualism reigns. And then, consequent upon this principle of dual *otherness*, comes the scientific dualism of polarity.

So we have in creation the two life-elements coming together within the living plasm, coming together softly and sweetly, the kiss of angels within the glimmering place. Then newly created life, new being arises. There comes a time, however, when the two life-elements go asunder, after the being has perfected itself. Then there is the seething and struggling of inscrutable life-disintegration. The individual form disappears, but the being remains implicit within the intangible life-plasm.

Parallel to this, in the material universe we have the productive coming-together of water and fire, to make the sun of light, the rainbow, and the perfect elements of Matter. Or we have the slow activity in disintegration, when substances resolve back towards the universal Prima Materia, primal inanimate ether.

Thus all creation depends upon the fourfold activity. And on this root of four is all law and understanding established. Following the perception of these supreme truths, the Pythagoreans made their philosophy, asserting that all is number, and seeking to search out the mystery of the roots of three, four, five, seven, stable throughout all the universe, in a chain of developing phenomena. But our science of mathematics still waits for its fulfilment, its union with life itself. For the truths of mathematics are only the skeleton fabric of the living universe.

Only symbolically do the numbers still live for us. In religion we still accept the four Gospel Natures, the four Evangels, with their symbols of man, eagle, lion, and bull, symbols parallel to the Four Elements, and to the Four Activities, and to the Four Natures. And the Cross, the epitome of all this fourfold division, still stirs us to the depths with unaccountable emotions, emotions which go much deeper than personality and the Christ drama.

The ancients said that their cosmic symbols had a sevenfold or a fivefold reference. The simplest symbol, the divided circle, ⊙, stands not only for the first division in the living cosmos and for the two cosmic elements, but also, within the realms of created life, for the sex mystery; then for the mystery of dual psyche, sensual and spiritual, within the individual being; then for the duality of thought and sensation—and so on, or otherwise, according to varying exposition. Having such a clue, we can begin to find the meanings of the Rosy Cross, the ⊕; and for the ankh, the famous Egyptian symbol, called the symbol of life, the cross or Tau beneath the circle ♀, the soul undivided resting upon division; and for the so-called symbol of Aphrodite, the circle resting upon the complete cross, ♀. These symbols too have their multiple reference, deep and far-reaching, embracing the cosmos and the indivisible soul, as well as the mysteries of function and production. How foolish it is to give these great signs a merely phallic indication!

The sex division is one of the Chinese three sacred mysteries. Vitally, it is a division of pure otherness, pure dualism. It is one of the first mysteries of creation. It is parallel with the mystery of the first division in chaos, and with the dualism of the two cosmic elements. This is not to say that the one sex is identical with fire, the other with water. And yet there is some indefinable connection. Aphrodite born of the waters, and Apollo the sun-god, these give some indication of the sex distinction. It is obvious, however, that some races, men and women alike, derive from the sun and have the fiery principle predominant in their constitution, whilst some, blonde, blue-eyed, northern, are evidently water-born, born along with the ice-crystals and blue, cold deeps, and yellow, ice-refracted sunshine. Nevertheless, if we must imagine the most perfect clue to

the eternal waters, we think of woman, and of man as the most perfect premiss of fire.

Be that as it may, the duality of sex, the mystery of creative *otherness*, is manifest, and given the sexual polarity, we have the fourfold motion. The coming-together of the sexes may be the soft, delicate union of pure creation, or it may be the tremendous conjunction of opposition, a vivid struggle, as fire struggles with water in the sun. From either of these consummations birth takes place. But in the first case it is the birth of a softly rising and budding soul, wherein the two principles commune in gentle union, so that the soul is harmonious and at one with itself. In the second case it is the birth of a disintegrative soul, wherein the two principles wrestle in their eternal opposition: a soul finite, momentaneous, active in the universe as a unit of sundering. The first kind of birth takes place in the youth of an era, in the mystery of accord; the second kind preponderates in the times of disintegration, the crumbling of an era. But at all times beings are born from the two ways, and life is made up of the duality.

The latter way, however, is a way of struggle into separation, isolation, psychic disintegration. It is a continual process of sundering and reduction, each soul becoming more mechanical and apart, reducing the great fabric of co-ordinate human life. In this struggle the sexes act in the polarity of antagonism or mystic opposition, the so-called sensual polarity, bringing tragedy. But the struggle is progressive. And then at last the sexual polarity breaks. The sexes have no more dynamic connection, only a habitual or deliberate connection. The spell is broken. They are not balanced any more even in opposition.

But life depends on duality and polarity. The duality, the polarity now asserts itself within the individual psyche. Here, in the individual, the fourfold creative activity takes place. Man is divided, according to old-fashioned phraseology, into the upper and lower man: that is, the spiritual and sensual being. And this division is physical and actual. The upper body, breast and throat and face, this is the spiritual body; the lower is the sensual.

By spiritual being we mean that state of being where the self excels into the universe, and knows all things by

passing into all things. It is that blissful consciousness which glows upon the flowers and trees and sky, so that I am sky and flowers, I, who am myself. It is that movement towards a state of infinitude wherein I experience my living oneness with all things.

By sensual being, on the other hand, we mean that state in which the self is the magnificent centre wherein all life pivots, and lapses, as all space passes into the core of the sun. It is a magnificent central positivity, wherein the being sleeps upon the strength of its own reality, as a wheel sleeps in speed on its positive hub. It is a state portrayed in the great dark statues of the seated lords of Egypt. The self is incontestable and unsurpassable.

Through the gates of the eyes and nose and mouth and ears, through the delicate ports of the fingers, through the great window of the yearning breast, we pass into our oneness with the universe, our great extension of being, towards infinitude. But in the lower part of the body there is darkness and pivotal pride. There in the abdomen the contiguous universe is drunk into the blood, assimilated, as a wheel's great speed is assimilated into the hub. There the great whirlpool of the dark blood revolves and assimilates all unto itself. Here is the world of living dark waters, where the fire is quenched in watery creation. Here, in the navel, flowers the water-born lotus, the soul of the water begotten by one germ of fire. And the lotus is the symbol of our perfected sensual first-being, which rises in blossom from the unfathomable waters.

In the feet we rock like the lotus, rooted in the under-mud of earth. In the knees, in the thighs we sway with the dark motion of the flood, darkly water-conscious, like the thick, strong, swaying stems of the lotus that mindlessly answer the waves. It is in the lower body that we are chiefly blood-conscious.

For we assert that the blood has a perfect but untranslatable consciousness of its own, a consciousness of weight, of rich, down-pouring motion, of powerful self-positivity. In the blood we have our strongest self-knowledge, our most powerful dark conscience. The ancients said the heart was the seat of understanding. And so it is: it is the seat of the primal sensual understanding, the seat of the passional self-consciousness.

In the nerves, on the other hand, we pass out and become the universe. But even this is dual. It seems as if from the tremendous sympathetic centres of the breast there ran out a fine, silvery emanation from the self, a fine silvery seeking which finds the universe, and by means of which we *become* the universe, we have our extended being. On the other hand, it seems as if in the great solar plexus of the abdomen were a dark whirlwind of pristine force, drawing, whirling all the world darkly into itself, not concerned to look out, or to consider beyond itself. It is from this perfect self-centrality that the lotus of the navel is born, according to Oriental symbolism.

But beyond the great centres of breast and bowels, there is a deeper and higher duality. There are the wonderful plexuses of the face, where our being runs forth into space and finds its vastest realisation; and there is the great living plexus of the loins, there where deep calls to deep. All the time, there is some great incomprehensible balance between the upper and the lower centres, as when the kiss of the mouth accompanies the passionate embrace of the loins. In the face we live our glad life of seeing, perceiving, we pass in delight to our greater being, when we are one with all things. The face and breast belong to the heavens, the luminous infinite. But in the loins we have our unbreakable root, the root of the lotus. There we have our passionate self-possession, our unshakable and indomitable being. There deep calls unto deep. There in the sexual passion the very blood surges into communion, in the terrible sensual oneing. There all the darkness of the deeps, the primal flood, is perfected, as the two great waves of separated blood surge to consummation, the dark infinitude.

When there is balance in first-being between the breast and belly, the loins and face, then, and only then, when this fourfold consciousness is established within the body, then, and only then, do we come to full consciousness in the mind. For the mind is again the single in creation, perfecting its finite thought and idea as the chemical elements are perfected into finality from the flux. The mind brings forth its gold and its gems, finite beyond duality. So we have the sacred pentagon, with the mind as the conclusive apex.

In the body, however, as in all creative forms, there is

the dual polarity as well as the mystic dualism of *otherness*. The great sympathetic activity of the human system has the opposite pole in the voluntary system. The front part of the body is open and receptive, the great valve to the universe. But the back is sealed, closed. And it is from the ganglia of the spinal system that the *will* acts in direct compulsion, outwards.

The great plexuses of the breast and face act in the motion of oneing, from these the soul goes forth in the spiritual oneing. Corresponding to this, the thoracic ganglion and the cervical ganglia are the great centres of spiritual compulsion or control or dominion, the great *second* or negative activity of the spiritual self. From these ganglia go forth the motions and commands which *force* the external universe into that state which accords with the spiritual will-to-unification, the will for equality. Equality, and religious agreement, and social virtue are enforced as well as found. And it is from the ganglia of the upper body that this compulsion to equality and virtue is enforced.

In the same way, from the lumbar ganglion and from the sacral ganglion acts the great sensual will to dominion. From these centres the soul goes forth haughty and indomitable, seeking for mastery. These are the great centres of activity in soldiers, fighters: as also in the tiger and the cat the power-centre is at the base of the spine, in the sacral ganglion. All the tremendous sense of power and mastery is located in these centres of volition, there where the back is walled and strong, set blank against life. These are the centres of negative polarity of our first-being.

So the division of the psychic body is fourfold. If we are divided horizontally at the diaphragm, we are divided also perpendicularly. The upright division gives us our polarity, our for and against, our mystery of right and left.

Any man who is perfect and fulfilled lives in fourfold activity. He knows the sweet spiritual communion, and he is at the same time a sword to enforce the spiritual level; he knows the tender unspeakable sensual communion, but he is a tiger against anyone who would abate his pride and his liberty.

The Lunary Copris and Some Domestic Problems*

By Henri Fabre

Like that other dung-beetle, the Sisyphus, the male of the Lunary Copris (*C. lunaris*, Lin.) plays a certain part in the prosperity of the family. Our country districts cannot show his match for oddity of attire. He too wears a horn on his forehead; in addition he has an embattled promontory in the middle of his corselet and a halberd-point and a deep crescent-shaped groove on his shoulders. The climate of Provence and the niggardly supply of food in a wilderness of thyme do not suit him. He wants a country that is less dry, with meadows where the patches of cattle-dung will supply him with provender in plenty.

Unable to reckon on the rare specimens which we meet here from time to time, I have stocked my insect-house with strangers sent from Tournon by my daughter Aglaé. When April comes, she conducts an indefatigable search at my request. Seldom have so many droppings been lifted with the point of the sunshade; seldom have delicate fingers with so much affection broken the cakes on the pastures. I thank the heroine in the name of science!

Her zeal meets with due reward. I become the proud possessor of six couples, which are immediately installed in the vivarium where the Spanish Copris used to work last year. I serve up the national dish, the superlative bun furnished by my neighbour's cow. There is not a sign of home-sickness among the exiles, who bravely begin their labours under the mysterious shelter of the cake.

I make my first excavation in the middle of June and am delighted with what my knife gradually lays bare as it cuts up the soil in thin slices. Each couple has dug itself a splendid vaulted room in the sand, more spacious than any

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that the Sacred Beetle ever showed me and with a bolder arch. The greatest breadth is fully six inches; but the ceiling is very low, rising to hardly two inches.

The contents correspond with the extravagant dimensions of the hall. They form a cake as broad as a man's hand, of no great thickness and varying in outline. I have found cakes oval-shaped, kidney-shaped, shaped like a starfish, with short thick rays, and long-shaped, like a cat's tongue. These minor details represent the pastry-cook's fancies. The essential and constant fact is this: in the six bakeries of my insect-house, the sexes are always both present beside the lump of paste which, after being kneaded according to rule, is now fermenting and maturing.

What does this long cohabitation prove? It proves that the father has taken part in digging the cellar, in storing the victuals gathered by separate armfuls on the threshold of the door and in kneading all the scraps into a single lump, which is more likely to improve by keeping. He is therefore a diligent fellow-worker. His assistance looks as if it would extend even farther. We shall see.

Dear insects, my curiosity has disturbed your housekeeping. But you were only starting, you were having your house-warming, so to speak. Perhaps you may be able to make good the damage which I have wrought. Let us try. I will restore the condition of the establishment by supplying fresh provisions. It is for you now to dig new burrows, to carry down the wherewithal to replace the cake of which I have robbed you and afterwards to divide the lump, improved by time, into rations suited to the needs of your larvæ. Will you do all this? I hope so.

My faith in the perseverance of the sorely-tried couples is not disappointed. A month later, in the middle of July, I venture on a second inspection. The cellars have been rebuilt, as spacious as at first. Moreover, by this time they are padded with a soft lining of dung on the floor and on a part of the side-walls. The two sexes are still there; they will not separate until the rearing is completed. The father, who has less family affection, or perhaps is more timid, tries to steal off by the back-way as the light enters the shattered dwelling; the mother, squatting on her precious pellets, does not budge.

These pellets are oval-shaped plums. In a single cell I

count as many as seven or eight of them, standing one against the other and lifting up their nippled tops, each with its hatching-chamber. Notwithstanding its size, the hall is cram-full; there is hardly room left for the two guardians to move about. It may be compared with a bird's nest containing its eggs and no empty spaces.

The comparison is inevitable. What indeed are the Copris' pills but eggs of another sort, in which the nutritive mass of the white and the yolk is replaced by a pot of preserved foodstuffs? Here the dung-beetles rival the birds and even beat them. Instead of producing from within themselves, merely by the mysterious processes of nature, that which will provide for the later growth of their young, they are actively and openly industrious and by dint of their own skill provide food for their grubs, which will achieve the adult form without further assistance. They know nothing of the long and tortuous process of incubation; the sun is their incubator. They have not the continual worry of providing food, for they prepare this in advance and make only one distribution. But they never leave the nest. Their watch is incessant. Father and mother, those vigilant guardians, do not quit the house until the family is fit to sally forth.

The father's usefulness is manifest so long as there is a burrow to be dug and wealth to be amassed; it is less evident when the mother is cutting up her loaf into rations, shaping her oval plums, polishing them and watching over them. Can it be that the cavalier also takes part in this delicate task, which would rather seem to be a feminine monopoly? Is he able, with the sharp blade of his leg, to slice up the cake, to remove from it the requisite quantity for a larva's sustenance and to round the piece into a sphere, thus shortening the work, which could be revised and perfected by the mother? Does he know the art of stopping up the chinks, of repairing the breaches, of soldering the slits, of scraping the pellets and clearing them of any dangerous vegetable matter? Do both sexes, in short, share in bringing up the family?

I tried to obtain an answer by installing a couple of Copres in a glass jar screened by a cardboard sheath, which enabled me quickly and readily to produce light or darkness. When suddenly surprised, the male was perched

upon the pellets almost as often as the female; but, whereas the mother would frequently go on with her ticklish nursery-work, polishing the pellets with the flat of her leg and feeling and sounding them, the father, more cowardly and less engrossed in his duties, would drop down as soon as the daylight was admitted and run away to hide in some corner of the heap. There is no way of seeing him at work, so quick is he to shun the unwelcome light.

Still, though he refused to display his talents on my behalf, his very presence on the top of the ovoids betrays them. Not for nothing was he in that uncomfortable attitude, so ill-adapted to an idler's slumbers. He was, then, watching like his companion, touching up the damaged parts, listening through the walls of the shells to find out how the youngsters were progressing. The little that I saw convinces me that the father almost rivals the mother in domestic solicitude until the family is finally emancipated.

The offspring gain in numbers by this paternal devotion. In the mansion of a kindred species, the Spanish Copris, where the mother alone resides, we find four nurslings at most, often two or three, sometimes only one. In that of the Lunary Copris, where the two sexes cohabit and help each other, we count as many as eight, twice the largest population of the other. The hard-working father enjoys a magnificent proof of his influence upon the fate of the household.

Apart from labour in common, this prosperity demands another condition without which the zeal of the couple would be ineffectual. Before everything, if you want a big family you must have enough to feed it on. The Spanish Copris, at least in my neighbourhood, handles the product of the sheep. It is of high quality, but not plentiful, even when the purveyor's intestines are in their most generous mood. The whole of it, therefore, is stuffed away in the cavern, and the insect does not come out again, being kept underground by family cares, even though there be but one youngster to attend to. The niggardly morsel as a rule supplies material only for two or three larvæ. Consequently the family is a small one, through the parents' inability to procure provisions.

The Lunary Copris works under different conditions. His part of the country provides the cow-clap, that rich patch of

dung in which the insect finds inexhaustible supplies of the food needed by a flourishing offspring. This prosperity is assisted by the size of the abode, whose ceiling, with its exceptional breadth, shelters a number of pills that would never fit into the Spanish Copris' much less roomy burrow.

For lack of space at home and of a well-furnished flour-bin, the latter restricts the number of her children, which is sometimes reduced to one. Can this be due to impotence of the ovaries? No. I have shown in an earlier essay that, given free scope and a well-spread table, the mother is capable of producing twice the usual family and more. I described how for the three or four ovoids I substituted a loaf kneaded with my paper-knife. By means of this artifice, which increased the space in the narrow enclosure of the jar and provided fresh materials for modelling, I obtained from the mother a family of seven. It was a magnificent result, but far inferior to that derived from the following experiment, which was better managed.

This time, I take away the pellets as they are formed, all but one, so as not to discourage the mother by my kidnapping. If she found nothing at all left of her previous products, she might perhaps weary of her fruitless labour. When the main loaf of her construction has all been used, I replace it by another made by myself. I go on doing this, removing the ovoid that has just been completed and renewing the finished lump of food until the insect refuses to accept any more. For five or six weeks the sorely-tried mother never loses her patience and each time begins all over again and perseveringly restocks her empty nursery. At last the dog-days arrive, the brutal season which arrests all life by its excessive heat and dryness. My loaves, however carefully made, are scorned. The mother, overcome with torpor, refuses to work. She buries herself in the sand, at the foot of the last pellet, and there, motionless, awaits the liberating September rain. The indefatigable creature has bequeathed me thirteen ovoids, each modelled to perfection, each supplied with an egg; thirteen, a number unparalleled in the Copris' annals; thirteen, ten more than the normal laying.

The proof is established: if the horned dung-beetle strictly limits her family, it is not through penury of the ovaries, but through fear of famine.

Is it not thus that things happen in our country, which, the statisticians tell us, is threatened with depopulation? The clerk, the artisan, the civil servant, the workman, the small shopkeeper are a daily-increasing multitude with us; and all of them, having barely enough to live upon, refrain as far as possible from adding to the numbers gathered around their ill-furnished table. When bread is short, the Copris is not wrong in becoming almost a celibate? Why should we cast a stone at his imitators? The motive is one of prudence on either side. It is better to live alone than surrounded by hungry mouths. The man who feels strong enough to struggle with poverty for himself shrinks in dismay from the poverty of a crowded home.

In the good old days, the tiller of the soil, the peasant, the backbone of the nation, found that a numerous family added to his wealth. All used to work and bring their bit of bread to the frugal repast. While the eldest drove the team afield, the youngest, clad in his first pair of breeches, took the brood of ducklings to the pond. These patriarchal ways are becoming rare. Progress sees to that. Of course, it is an enviable thing to scorch along on a bicycle, working your legs up and down like a distracted spider; but there is a reverse to the medal: progress brings luxury, but creates expensive tastes. In my village, the commonest factory-girl, earning her tenpence a day, sports on a Sunday sleeves puffed at the shoulders and feathers in her hat like the fine ladies'; she has a sunshade with an ivory handle, a padded chignon, patent-leather shoes, with open-work stockings and lace flounces. O goose-girl, I in my short linen jacket dare not look at you as you pass my door on your Sunday parade along the high-road! You make me feel quite small with your smart raiment.

The young men, in their turn, are assiduous frequenters of the café, which is much more luxurious than the old-fashioned pothouse. Here they find vermouth, bitters, absinthe, amer Picon—in short, the whole collection of stupefying drugs. Such tastes as these make the fields seem too humble and the soil too stubborn. Since the receipts no longer come up to the expenses, they leave the land for the town, which is better suited, so they imagine, for money-making. Alas, saving is no more practicable there than here! The workshop, where opportunities of

spending money lie in wait by the score, makes a man no richer than the plough. But it is too late; you have made your bed; and you remain a poverty-stricken townsman, in terror of paternity.

And yet this country, with its glorious climate, fertility, and geographical position, is invaded by a host of cosmopolitans, sharks and sharpers of every sort. Long ago, it used to attract the sea-roving Phœnicians; the peace-loving Greeks, who brought us the alphabet, the vine and the olive-tree; the Romans, those harsh rulers, who handed down to us barbarities very difficult to eradicate. Swooping on this rich prey came the Cymri, the Teutons, the Vandals, the Goths, the Huns, the Burgundians, the Suevi, the Alani, the Franks, the Saracens, hordes driven hither by every wind that blows. And all this heterogeneous mixture was melted down and absorbed by the Gallic nation.

To-day the foreigner is stealthily making his way into our midst. We are threatened with a second barbarian invasion, peaceful, it is true, but yet disturbing. Will our language, so clear and so harmonious, become an obscure jargon, harsh with exotic gutturals? Will our generous character be dishonoured by rapacious hucksters? Will the land of our fathers cease to be a country and become a caravanserai? There is a fear of it, unless the old Gallic blood runs swift and strong once more and engulfs the stream of invaders.

Let us hope that it may be so, and let us listen to what the horned dung-beetle has to teach us. A large family demands food. But progress brings new needs, which cost much to satisfy; and our revenues are far from increasing at the same rate. When men have not enough for six or five or four, they are content to live as a family of three or two or even to remain single. Guided by such principles as these, a nation, in its successive stages of progress, is on the road to suicide. Let us go then back to where we were, suppress our artificial needs, those unwholesome fruits of a hothouse civilisation, honour rustic frugality once again and remain on the land, where we shall find the soil bountiful enough to satisfy us if we moderate our desires. Then and not till then will the family flourish once more; then will the peasant, delivered from the town and its temptations, be our salvation.

Rapunzel

By J. Maconechy

Canon Layne had finished his sermon for Sunday. He sat in the library, leaning back in his arm-chair, tired out with writing, listening with the drowsy inattention of old age to the sounds of a summer afternoon in the country in June.

Outside in the garden the jobbing gardener was leisurely mowing the grass on the lawn. There was the buzzing of insects, the murmur of bees, the whispering rustling of flowers fanned by the soft summer breeze.

An adventurous butterfly flew in through the open French windows and disturbed the sleeping Rapunzel. Rapunzel ran round and round the room barking in shrill fury, exhausting her energy in a futile chase.

The Canon looked on in contented amusement, casting his mind back over past years in idle reverie. Lately he had felt rather anxious about Rapunzel's health. She had seemed tired and languid. He had feared lest perchance she was beginning to grow feeble in old age, just as he was. For he had passed his seventieth birthday and Rapunzel was ten years old.

Rapunzel had been given to the Canon by a veterinary surgeon whose *métier* in life was the breeding of Skye-terriers. He gave Rapunzel away because he did not want her himself. She was useless for sale or show purposes. For though she had a lovely coat, pale grey, reaching to the ground, she was unfortunately blind in one eye. Moreover, she was both lop- and prick-eared. One ear stood up—the other hung down. The veterinary surgeon was glad to be able to give the Canon a present. He was fond of him. He thought that he did his job so well, not making any fuss about it, but spending much time in church, praying quietly and sensibly for those who are too busy to do this for themselves—for veterinary surgeons, for instance. Of course, for everyone personal rather than vicarious devotion is appropriate at times—for example, at the time of death.

It would be ridiculous then to think about dogs, ridiculous but very hard not to. One must think then of psalms and things like that: and use antique and solemn phraseology. That was so—was it not?

The Canon had shaken his head in amused dissent. But he had refused argument.

"Two of a trade can never agree, and we are both Skye-pilots," he had said with a smile, as he carried Rapunzel away in his arms.

Rapunzel had settled down at once to the Rectory ways. At night she lay curled up on the Canon's bed. She woke him every morning by the simple expedient of licking his face. She was always punctual to the minute, impatient of sleepy delay. The Canon, who in his spare time wrote popular articles for the monthly magazines, sometimes found himself wishing on cold wintry mornings that Rapunzel was not quite such a strict follower of modern philosophers.

"Could you not, Rapunzel," he said, "be content with the older school of thought and agree that there is no such thing as time?"

In the daytime Rapunzel accompanied the Canon on his parochial visits or helped as much as she could in the garden by digging up bulbs with her paws. She was sorry when the Canon gave up the planting of bulbs as a pursuit doomed to failure.

As Rapunzel grew older and the fringe over her eyes grew longer her blindness was not noticeable to casual passers-by, and these often wondered sorrowfully at the extraordinary extravagance of a parson in keeping such a beautiful specimen. But her visual defect had one real drawback. A tortoiseshell cat, her chief foe in the village, often walked comfortably in undisturbed serenity on Rapunzel's blind side. The Canon consoled her—"In the country of the blind," he said, "the one-eyed man is king."

Before Rapunzel came the Canon had been rather a rising man in the diocese, but of late years he had slipped out of diocesan life. It had been difficult to stay away for a night in order to preach in other churches. He had tried it once, in response to a pressing invitation from the Bishop to preach in the Cathedral. He had stayed for the night at the Palace. But the experiment had not been a success.

He had felt distrait and anxious. To himself his sermon had seemed futile, almost grotesque, wholly inadequate.

When he got home he found that Rapunzel had howled all day in his absence; she had refused food; she had run all over the village, looking hopelessly for him, getting wet in the pouring rain. She had caught cold. She developed bronchitis. The Canon sat up with her all night in the library in order to make up the fire at intervals. During his lonely vigil he went on with a little monograph he was writing concerning the Eighth Henry. The Canon belonged to the Evangelical school of thought. He was glad that the Church in England was no longer associated with the Western Patriarchate.

The room was very quiet. The Canon wrote apace. Rapunzel struggled in a paroxysm of coughing. The Canon paused in his strictures on ecclesiastical abuses. He knelt and made up the fire. He hesitated. Rapunzel coughed again, struggling to draw uneven breaths. She gazed at him in mute appeal with wistful eyes. He looked guiltily round the room, though he knew that there was nobody there. Of course, he was not kneeling on purpose: he just happened to be kneeling. He was not speaking in any special way, only just as a man may speak to a friend.

"Francis of Assisi"—he whispered.

Rapunzel breathed more easily; she closed her eyes; she slept till the sun came streaming in through the long French windows. When she woke the Canon was sitting in the arm-chair by the fire. He had not moved all night lest he should wake her. He was too tired to finish his essay on the pre-Reformation abuses. He wrote and told the publishers that he could not now complete it.

Since that time Rapunzel had never been ill. He had never felt worried about her, not until this June afternoon. And now her energetic chase after the errant butterfly reassured him. She could not be really ill. They might safely walk through the village up to the church to say Evensong. He rose from his chair and Rapunzel flew at his feet, barking furiously in shrill delight. Together they sauntered slowly through the village on their way to the church. Time was of no particular value, for after forty years' experience the Canon knew very well that there would

be nobody in church on a weekday. But such neglect, he thought, is not unnatural. Tragic mystery is the common environment of man, and great indeed is the debt owed by the Creator to His creatures.

The Canon was glad it was not a Sunday, for on Sundays Rapunzel waited in the vestry lest her presence should prove to any a stumbling-block, but on weekdays she sat at his feet in the chancel.

The sexton's wife stood at her garden gate watching the Canon with anxious eyes as he came slowly up the village.

"He grows old, like the rest of us," she thought. Dying and rising again were familiar enough thoughts to her. She had lived so long amidst the fields,—

"I shall soon be under the daisies myself," she thought smiling.

She waited every day to chat to the Canon on his way up to church.

"Miss Rapunzel is as lively as ever," she said as Rapunzel flew into the garden on her daily chase after her tortoiseshell foe. "She don't grow older," she said, "like the rest of us."

She knew that the oft-repeated inexactitude never failed to please Rapunzel's friend.

The Canon was surprised to find a motor-cyclist looking round the church, examining the old brasses, the quaint monuments, the quiet effigies of Crusaders. The Canon looked at him with some anxiety. Must Rapunzel sit in the vestry as on Sundays? On the whole he thought not. Rapunzel took up her weekday place in the chancel. The tourist for his part was surprised to find himself taking part in a service. But he had a powerful bass voice. He played his unaccustomed part well.

"All the beasts of the forest are mine," chanted the feeble voice of the old minister.

"I know all the fowls upon the mountains," responded powerful youth.

But the Canon could not go on. He stopped, laying down his book with trembling hands. What was that? Rapunzel gave a little sigh and let her head fall against his foot.

The tourist came forward and helped to carry the little dead terrier back to the Rectory.

"You must forgive me my distraction," the Canon said afterwards. "My little dog was all I had to love on earth."

"All?" said the young man, surprised into a sudden self-revelation. "But if you have love, that is everything."

He went on his way. He was always looking for something to love, but he had never been able to find it.

The Canon spent the evening alone in his library. He left his supper untasted. He wanted nobody near him. He was glad when he heard his old housekeeper go slowly upstairs to bed. He did not want sympathy. He wanted Rapunzel. There was really little else in the world that he cared about. Life is so ugly, he thought, ugly with loneliness, ugly with misery. The whole world is full of bitterness and strife, and from it there is no escape.

He sat huddled up in the arm-chair by the fire. The fire was blazing up the chimney, yet it seemed to give out no heat. The dancing flames only served to show up the dark background of the garden outside seen through the unshuttered windows. He glanced out at the night and shivered a little with fear; then, remembering his calling, he muttered to himself—

"The darkness is no darkness with Thee"—

He held out his trembling hands a little closer to the blaze. But he felt no warmth. Perhaps then this was death, the chill of death?—No matter. Death comes as a stranger to some, but to others just as a friend. He leant back in his arm-chair. He felt so very tired. The darkness gathered closely round him. He wished Rapunzel had been with him in his hour of weakness. He heard a scratching at the window. He strained his eyes trying to see into the outside gloom. He heard a little whine, an impatient bark.

"I am coming," he said feebly: the death-rattle was already sounding in his throat. He struggled and rose from his chair. He groped his way to the window through impenetrable blackness. He felt for the latch with trembling fingers. He pushed open the window and looked out into the night. He slipped and fell.

"The night was as clear as the day."

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel," he cried.

The Nationalisation of Shipping

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The private ownership of land and capital is as maleficent in peace as in war. War, however, serves to throw a fierce light upon Capitalism. In peace the frustration of production, transport, and exchange is accepted as inevitable, and the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives every year passes unnoticed. In a state of war the imminence of danger, the fear of defeat, and the determination to achieve victory compel even those who bow to Capitalism in peace to control it, or to attempt to control it, to achieve national ends.

The private ownership of shipping hinders national and Imperial development in peace, and in war becomes a peculiar danger. In peace this is not realised by the community at large, but it is often complained of by a small section of the community, those directly engaged in the business of importing and exporting. From time to time the complaints of this section become loud and deep, and Government inquiries are demanded into the excessive freight charges of shipping rings. In war, shipping becomes a matter of public discussion owing to the better realisation of the extraordinary importance of the shipping factor in the national economy, and to the attack made upon it by the enemy.

If at the beginning of the war we had possessed a national mercantile marine, we should have saved a sum equal to several times its entire capital value; we should have possessed well-manned ships which would have been very much better able to meet the attack of the enemy; we should not have lost many of the vessels that were sunk by submarines; we should not have been driven to such straits with regard to the supply of food and munitions.

The neglect to nationalise shipping at the beginning of the war proved to be a costly blunder. By the end of 1916,

i.e., in a period of two years and five months, British shipowners had made a net profit of over £300,000,000 after allowing for insurance upon the inflated ship values. This is more than twice the entire value of British shipping capital when the war broke out.

During the same period the capital value of British ships appreciated by about £300,000,000, so that when British ships were requisitioned under terms which included the State covering of war risk, the sinking of a ship meant the gain of a fortune by its owner. In the House of Commons, on February 18, 1919, Colonel Leslie Wilson, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping, gave the following information in an answer to a question by Mr. William Thorne :—

> "The amount paid (for British ships lost while under Government requisition and at direct Government risk, and not including vessels insured in the Government War Risk Associations) was £104,031,271, and the first cost to owners was £51,116,806. In addition, £1,358,825 was paid in respect of 25 ships whose first cost is not known. There are also a few cases not yet settled. So far as I am aware, no taxation is levied on these sums, which represent capital, not income, and are required to replace the vessels. Building costs are now from two to three times what they were before the war."

Thus over £50,000,000 of the appreciated value was actually realised by shipowners at November 11, 1918.

And the making of these profits was the more remarkable because, just before the war broke out, British shipowners were confidently expecting a slump in profits. In December, 1913, Sir Walter Runciman, Bart., said :

> "We are in for a very bad depression . . . . there is a very serious position to face."

Indeed, it is more than probable that if the war had not occurred the shipowners' profits between July, 1914, and December, 1916, instead of being £300,000,000, would have been less than £20,000,000. That is to say, British shipowners were presented by the system of private ownership in war with a sum of nearly £300,000,000, to say nothing of the £300,000,000 worth of appreciation in the value of their property. It is interesting to add that on January 27, 1915, Sir Walter Runciman is reported to have

said to an interviewer: "We do not say we are not making money; but we have the right to make money"—an utterance which needs no comment.

It is not, however, right to single out shipowners for particular opprobrium in the matter of war profiteering. The truth is that the circumstances of the war gave a special opportunity to shipowners of which they availed themselves. If they had not availed themselves of it the public would not have gained a penny. If the shipowners had patriotically gone without profit altogether, merchants and others would have profited by their action. Prices would have been just as high, but the hundreds of millions referred to would have been drawn off by a different class.

It should be remarked that in respect of taxation shipowners did splendidly down to the formation of the Ministry of Shipping in December, 1916. The Excess Profits Duty did not make a proper levy upon the shipowner. In 1912 and 1913 shipowners made exceptionally large peace profits, and they therefore enjoyed a very high datum line for the purposes of the Excess Profits Duty. *Their profits began to count as "excess" after they had made about* 20 *per cent.*

As to the appreciation in ship values, there was no taxation at all. Referring to the sum of over £50,000,000 mentioned in the above answer given by Colonel Leslie Wilson, M.P., that sum was received by the shipowners scot-free of taxation in any form. It should have been, but it was not, taxed as war profit.

As the war proceeded, down to the end of 1916, the shipowners' haul was mitigated by the requisitioning of an increasing proportion of our tonnage at the rates of freight, arranged by the Admiralty Transport Arbitration Board, which are familiarly called Blue Book rates. But, even so, these rates were fixed, in the first place, much too high, so that until the later stages of the war they allowed an unduly high rate of profit to the owners.

But the scandal of shipping profits in the war is really the least part of the loss which the nation sustained through the private ownership of the mercantile marine. The two chief heads of loss were not financial, but concerned the safety of the State.

(1) As to manning, there is no doubt whatever that the

methods of Capitalism endangered our position in the war. When the war broke out the number of British seamen employed was about 200,000, whereas it was over 183,000 as long ago as 1872. In the same time the number of foreign white seamen employed had risen from about 20,000 to about 31,000, while the number of Lascars and other Asiatics had risen from a small figure which cannot precisely be stated to 47,000. When the first record of Lascars and Asiatics was made in 1886 the number was 16,673.

Thus, when the war broke out, the enemy had been provided by Capitalism with the material for an excellent system of espionage. British ships, upon which the entire safety of the State depended, were largely manned with ill-paid foreigners whose only connection with British interests was the cash nexus of a sweated wage.

And, as need hardly be said, the presence of nearly 50,000 Asiatics on board British ships was not exactly an aid to the British Navy or to British seamen in fighting the submarine.

(2) As to supplies, British ships, save as to the tramps under full requisition by the Admiralty Transport Department, very largely did what they pleased down to the end of 1916. It is true that there was a system of ship licensing, but it left the cargo liners running in their old trades, whether or not they were wanted in those old trades, and whether or not supplies could be better or more safely obtained in nearer markets.

On December 22, 1916, the New Ministries and Secretaries Act established the Ministry of Shipping and set up a Shipping Controller, on whom was cast the duty of "controlling and regulating any shipping available for the needs of the country in such manner as to make the best use thereof."

In January, 1917, after consideration of the entire position, I was astonished to find that *at that date only one-half of our British tonnage was yet running at Blue Book rates, or their equivalent.* That is to say, on about one-half of our tonnage British shipowners were still drawing excessive war profits. A few weeks after the formation of the Ministry of Shipping, on January 26, 1917, I submitted to the Government a memorandum which formally proposed the nationalisation of the entire British mercantile

marine. Even at that date nationalisation would have been a splendid business proposition. For soon afterwards the enemy intensive submarine campaign was started, and we began to nationalise ships wholesale as the enemy sank them, nationalising, that is, not ships, but the ghosts of ships. In many weeks shipowners drew over £1,000,000 of unearned increment in this way.

The proposal for complete nationalisation was turned down, but the War Cabinet decided that the whole British mercantile marine must be requisitioned at Blue Book rates, including the cargo liners.

Accordingly schemes were worked out by the Shipping Controller to bring under control the whole of our ships, and the era of excessive profits came to an end, for, as time went on, not only were all the ships running at Blue Book rates, but those rates became less and less remunerative. They were raised by the Ministry of Shipping, with the consent of the Treasury, but against my protests, in the spring of 1918.

The full requisitioning of British ships, which was thus not accomplished until the spring of 1917, at last made our mercantile marine of full carrying value to the nation. It is an amazing thing that the war was fought for over two years and six months before ships were fully and properly directed to bring into our ports the largest possible supplies from the best markets. It was, indeed, the Atlantic concentration of shipping which largely saved us from the submarine attack by fetching food and materials from America instead of from distant markets, and by giving the British and American Navies the best possible chance to protect the ships in the triumphantly successful Atlantic convoys.

In the House of Commons, on January 29, 1918, we were able to state officially that the convoy system had been so successful that, taking all the homeward-bound ocean convoys since the inception of the system in the middle of 1917, 14,180,041 gross registered tons of shipping, with a dead-weight capacity of 20,145,000 tons, had been convoyed to England and France with a loss, expressed in gross tons, of 1.44 per cent., or, expressed in dead-weight capacity, of 1.57 per cent. These figures included losses which had been occasioned by ships being sunk through the dispersal of convoys by bad weather.

As to the success of the policy of complete control and of the full direction of the courses of ships, we were able to tell Parliament, on February 19, 1918, that:

> "The net loss of British vessels of 1,600 tons gross and upwards in the year 1917 was 598. Making due allowance for the date at which the losses in 1918 occurred, the British tonnage available in 1917 was 20 per cent. less than in 1916. The fall in cargo imported into the United Kingdom *in British vessels* in 1917, as compared with 1916, was, however, only about two per cent."

(Later working showed that the two per cent. was really *nil*.)

That is to say, the national control of the use of British ships enabled the Shipping Controller to bring into our ports in 1917 as much merchandise as was brought in by a very much larger number of ships, not fully controlled, in 1916. Sir Joseph Maclay's work had been triumphantly successful.

It is clear that nationalisation of shipping for war use was abundantly justified. If it had not been accomplished we should have lost the war. In spite of that demonstrable fact, some (not all) shipowners are busily engaged in misrepresenting what took place, although the Shipping Controller is himself a famous and respected shipowner.

In peace great economies are possible through a national system of shipping and much greater economies than could be effected in time of war by a policy of mere nationalisation of employment. The system of control left intact the uneconomic paraphernalia of the shipping business, with its multiplicity of large and small offices and its redundant clerks and accounts.

Under a national system the unnecessary complications which now exist of shipping offices, agents, clerks, brokers, and insurance offices would be swept away. The nation would have no more need to insure its mercantile marine than it now has to insure its Navy, and at a single stroke a great and wasteful business would be cancelled and its *personnel* set free to engage in useful national work. At each British port a single shipping office would be established to deal with the entire shipping work of the port, and again the work of thousands of the redundant officials of Capitalism would be saved.

It is sometimes said that the success of British shipping has been due to a special degree of enterprise on the part of British shipowners. That is not the whole truth. As a matter of fact, the success of the British mercantile marine is due first to the necessity to import an enormous bulk of food and material, and second, to the possession of a balancing bulky cargo in the form of coal. As I have written elsewhere (*The Nation's Wealth*), the rise of the steamship made it necessary to take coal to convenient places abroad for coaling purposes, and thus a great British export coal industry grew up, ever expanding with the increase of steam shipping. It is this fact which largely accounts for the extraordinary growth and prosperity of the British mercantile marine.

To make this point clear, it is necessary to refer to the characteristics of British commerce. We have cause to import enormous quantities of food and raw materials—commodities which are usually either bulky or weighty. To bring our necessary imports to our shores, therefore, clearly demands an enormous amount of ship space. Turning to our exports, we find that they chiefly consist of manufactured articles, for we have little or no food or raw material that we can spare to ship abroad.

Manufactured articles have small weight or bulk in proportion to value as compared with foods and raw materials. It follows that to ship our exports abroad does not call for a great deal of ship space. Therefore, we have a picture of a country importing goods which call for many ships and exporting things which call for comparatively few ships. Such a position means unprofitable shipping because, of the ships bringing food and raw materials to our shores, a considerable proportion would have to go out from our ports with ballast for a cargo, for lack of a better one.

Fortunately for British shipowners, our exports of coal provide just that bulky and weighty outward cargo which is necessary to balance our bulky imports. Coal comes to the rescue and makes it profitable to work our ships both inwards and outwards.

As need hardly be pointed out, these great underlying factors of British shipping success would remain under a national system. In so far as coal exports are threatened

by the possibility of increasing use of oil fuel, this new disadvantage would equally be a factor under either a private or a public system of ownership. It is often said that the management of shipping is a peculiarly difficult problem. As a matter of fact, problems of transport lend themselves in a particular degree to monopolistic ownership, which alone permits of full co-ordination. It is not generally realised how small a "large" mercantile marine actually is. We began the war, it is true, with some 20,000 ships on the British register, but only 3,888 of these ships (with a total tonnage of 16,800,000 tons gross) were ocean-going steam vessels of 1,600 gross tons or over.

The practical management of the British mercantile marine is now in the hands of a considerable number of owners, the great majority being under the control of about 200 joint-stock companies. In some cases the actual management of vessels is carried on by persons who are both owners and managers, but a very large proportion of the shares held in the 200 companies referred to are the property of people who know nothing whatever about either the building or the sailing of ships. There would be no difficulty in selecting from the *personnel* of the present actual managements efficient persons to put in charge of the national port shipping offices.

The Coalition Government has decided to restore private control to the shipping trade in its entirety. The effects are at once visible. The Ministry of Shipping carried supplies for the nation at cost price, and by the end of the war practically the whole of the imports into the United Kingdom were under Government control and enjoying cost freights. Thus, after the armistice the cost freight for provisions across the Atlantic was 42*s.* 6*d.* per ton. This may be compared with the rate arranged by the Shipping Ring in view of the relaxation of control. It is no less than 93*s.* 4*d.* Now the 42*s.* 6*d.* covered all costs, including the Blue Book rate of hire which covered ship-owners' profit. Therefore, the Shipping Ring is making an additional profit of 50*s.* 10*d.* per ton. This is a very serious matter, for as the Government ceases to control imports, importers will come under the commercial rates of freight, only the Government enjoying the cost freights of the Ministry of Shipping while it continues to exist.

The position is accurately represented in the following diagrammatic statement:—

THE WAR POSITION.

(State Control of Shipping and Supplies.)

A.	B.
Nearly all (up to 96 per cent.) of the nation's food, munitions, and other supplies carried at cost price.	A very small fraction (private cargoes) carried at high commercial rates.

THE PEACE POSITION.

(State Control of Shipping and Supplies Relaxing.)

C.	D.
A decreasing proportion of the nation's food and supplies State-controlled and carried at cost price.	An increasing proportion of supplies as private cargoes, carried at high commercial rates, low as compared with B, but high as compared with A.

And as the shipowners are again put in a position to profiteer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain reduces the Excess Profits Duty (levied, as we have seen, in the case of shipping, with reference to a very high datum line) from 80 per cent. to 40 per cent. The shipowners' profits for 1919 will be exceedingly satisfactory—to them.

In the House of Commons, on December 19, 1916, Mr. Lloyd George told Parliament what his new Government proposed to do with regard to shipping. He said:

> "It was never so vital to the life of the nation as it is at the present moment, during the war. It is the jugular vein which, if severed, would destroy the life of the nation, and the Government felt the time had come for taking over more complete control of all the ships of this country and placing them in practically the same position as are the railways of the country at the present moment; so that during the war shipping will be nationalised in the real sense of the term."

I do not myself think that "nationalisation in the real sense of the term" accurately describes the measures of control that were taken. As I have pointed out, those measures amounted to nationalisation of use, leaving uneconomic factors intact and dealing only partially with the financial side of the case. Nevertheless, great benefits

accrued to the nation from what was done, and still greater benefits could be obtained from "real" nationalisation.

It remains to point out that under the Ministry of Shipping a National Maritime Board was set up to improve the pay and condition of labour of the British sailorman. It began work towards the end of 1917, and by the date of the Armistice had reviewed the pay of nearly the whole of the seafaring profession, from officers to cabin-boys. Very substantial advances were given, which, together with a special war bonus, raised the firemen's wage to £15 a month as compared with the pittance of £5 or less which ruled before the war. But much still remains to do to make the seamen's conditions of work worthy of so noble and arduous a profession, and it can only be achieved successfully under national ownership.

We cannot recall the opportunity which was lost at the beginning of the war. We cannot now undo the folly which squandered hundreds of millions upon less than nothing, which created new fortunes for private shipowners not by the score but by the hundred, which nearly brought us to unparalleled and irretrievable disaster, and which left us at the close of the war worse off in shipping than we began it.

We can, however, make a new start. It is the plain duty of the Government, in the interests alike of national safety and of peace efficiency, to nationalise the mercantile marine and the shipyards which produce the mercantile marine. Having paid out to shipowners, as can be proved, the cost of the mercantile marine several times over during the war, the nation is entitled to nationalise ships by paying for them now what they cost when built, with proper allowance for depreciation and no more. The shipyards should be taken over and remodelled on the lines of the magnificent national shipyards in the West of England. The whole service should be made what it ought to be, a good scientific and engineering job, which it most certainly is not now. All this should be accompanied by the re-housing of the shipyard workers and the entire reform of mercantile manning in such fashion as to make the conditions of life of the sea-going profession as good as its great merits deserve.

Might and Right in Ireland

By Erskine Childers

IRELAND is coming to occupy a strange position in the world; the most hopeful or the most hopeless, according to our estimate of tendencies. In the midst of the eternal conflict between right and might she stands a lonely, symbolic figure, tragically isolated, and yet the prize of contending principles, seemingly so sharply defined that the issue cannot be deferred.

Here is a country governed at this moment, like Belgium under Prussia, by a nation which went to war to free Belgium from Prussia. For Belgium was then the symbol of right, and the defence of right against might was the declared aim of the enemies of Germany. The evil thing fought against was described in many formulæ—"militarism," "Prussianism," and the rest—which all meant the same thing, the selfish use of national force by the strong against the weak. The aim was to defeat this evil, to protect the weak against the strong and to preserve the "freedom of small nationalities." Whatever other unexpressed purposes there may have been, this was the aim declared to the world, and by none more solemnly than Great Britain. It was even urged upon Ireland as a reason for her enthusiastic participation in the war, although, with incredible blindness to the facts of human nature, the war itself was made an excuse for postponing Ireland's own freedom, and her consequent coldness was used to blacken her in the eyes of the world as a friend of "Prussianism."

The declared aim of the war was sustained and strengthened by events. With the fall of the Tsar and the intervention of America two fresh formulæ appeared, "democracy" and "self-determination." These were not new aims, but obvious extensions and corollaries of the original one, with the main stress laid on the emancipation of subject States instead of

on the restoration of States free before the war, like Belgium and Serbia. Democratic self-determination as an universal principle of human right was the sustained burthen of all the brilliant and ardent propaganda of President Wilson. He addressed the whole world, Allies and enemies alike. "Our message is to all imperialists," he said once. And it was also to all subject nationalities, without distinction of race, colour, religion, or strategical situation. "We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government, and undictated development of all peoples." (May 26, 1917.) "What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind." (July 4, 1918.) The same universal principle was proclaimed in the speech to Congress (January 8, 1918) containing the famous fourteen points, which afterwards became the official basis of peace. "An evident principle," he concluded, "runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak."

The points themselves, embodying terms of peace with the enemy, had to deal mainly with the direct issues of the war. Regarded in this light, some of them lack exact precision, but their spirit is unmistakable. They prescribe free self-development for nationalities great and small.

In repeatedly giving universal application to his charter of freedom for the weak, it would be idle to pretend that the President had had the outspoken concurrence of his European Allies, who were themselves rulers of subject peoples on a vaster scale than the enemy Powers. But in their final acceptance of "the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses," they definitely and in honour committed themselves not only to the fourteen points (with one exception), but to the "evident principle" underlying them. Great Britain was especially committed both by the warm praise given to all the President's utterances, and by the Prime Minister's speeches at the same period, embodying, according to general agreement, an identical policy with that of the United States. But whatever the

inner views of the imperialists, events forced the issue. The disintegration of the Russian Empire left a dozen small nationalities without a master. Nine months later the collapse in quick succession of the Turkish, Austrian, and German Empires added a host more. All Europe and much of Asia was in a ferment of republicanism, and "self-determination" was not only the universal inspiration but the deciding factor in reconstruction. It was impossible to expect that reconstruction should be easy, that this gigantic ferment should subside at once on what Mr. Wilson called "clearly recognised lines of nationality." There are complexities still unsolved and perils that cannot be avoided arising from the intermixture and interpenetration of races and languages and the absence of clearly defined frontiers. There are perils arising from mutilations and temporary annexations of parts of Germany itself and from claims like that of Italy over Jugo-Slavia. The future of some of the Asiatic races is still undecided. But this much is true, that the ancient servitudes are gone for ever and that Europe, at any rate, now consists of free peoples, with the one solitary exception of Ireland.

But that is not the full extent of the anomaly. White peoples in the rest of the world, all of them off-shoots of Great Britain, had already made good their right to self-determination, so that Ireland survives as the only white community on the face of the globe where the "government by consent," which President Wilson summoned the "organised opinion of mankind" to sustain, is not established.

If in Ireland special circumstances could be shown to exist which distinguish her case from all others, it would still be hardly possible to justify an anomaly so flagrant. But there are none. On the contrary, her case is simpler than that of any of the host of new European nationalities. She is an island, with the best and most immutable of all frontiers, the sea, with an historical identity beyond dispute and an historical unity beyond dispute, for, although conquered and to some extent colonised, she has absorbed conquerors and colonists, so that all her inhabitants call themselves Irishmen, live under an Irish administration, and obey laws common to the whole island but differing widely from those of Great Britain. And among these

Irishmen, Ulstermen included, there is a larger measure of unanimity for unified self-government and a smaller and a less difficult minority problem than in any of the new European States, while minority problems at least as difficult were surmounted in the great Dominions. Nor does freedom for Ireland raise any ulterior international problems and difficulties like those which, in default of the most unselfish and enlightened statesmanship, threaten the new Europe. Ireland has no irredenta: she covets nothing, threatens nobody and arouses no rival cupidities. She is as incapable of aggression as she is incapable of defence against the one Power she has ever had to deal with, Great Britain; and this Power is the strongest in the world. The only danger lies in not satisfying her claim. The refusal to do so poisons the relations of the English-speaking races and makes a constant bar to their closer union. Is it possible to imagine a more conspicuously simple and urgent case for conceding "liberty, self-government, and undictated development" and for sustaining them by the "organised opinion of mankind"—in other words, by a true League of Nations? Can any League of Nations framed, in the words of the fourteenth point, expressly "to afford mutual guarantees of political and territorial independence for small States," be other than an imposture as long as its most powerful member refuses that concession?

So much for the Irish claim. Let us put the reply into the mouth of a candid imperialist cynic:

"My dear friend, your idealistic reasoning is pathetic. Did not you feel it as you forged your perfect little chain of syllogisms? And in that cogent culminating demonstration did not you half suspect that you had destroyed your case and established mine? We fought against 'militarism.' Of course, but not against our own. All the Allied Empires rest on force, and it would have been excessively ridiculous, as you seem to be partly aware, to make their dissolution an object of the war against Germany. White races or coloured, it makes no matter. How could we have fought on the side of Russia against 'militarism'? Let us eliminate these confusing 'isms,' even from 'Prussianism.' We fought against Prussia—Germany—a tremendous commercial and military Power emerging from an interior

position in Europe, to dispute with us the Empire of the East and the markets of the world. We honestly fought, too, against the German brand of militarism, a brand which, discredited (in Belgium and elsewhere) a principle honourable and legitimate in itself. Ireland, I admit, placed us in an awkward situation. We had to represent to the Irish that the Belgian case was typical and that by standing out of the war they sympathised with rape, burnings, etc. They, of course, contesting, as they always do, the necessary militarism we exercise over them, saw the matter in another light and wanted Home Rule first as a pledge of good faith. Luckily, Redmond was a chivalrous statesman. There was a moment of agonising suspense (I was in the House and felt it) when he offered Irish help. Would he demand the condition precedent, firmly and squarely? I had a horrifying vision of the Irishry flocking to the transports under the Union Jack (green flags in their haversacks), with the Ulstermen, under some weird Orange emblem, ravaging their homes in the rear. But the danger passed.

"To be frank, there was the same sort of embarrassment in all our propaganda. We had to stress the note of liberty beyond its real value and paint atrocities in very high colours because we had to stimulate the proletariats and convert America to enlightened militarism, while disgusting her with the discreditable side of it. But meanwhile the rational aims of the war were pursued in the dignified secrecy of the Allied Councils. Fresh Allies had to be obtained, their price paid, and arrangements made for a fair division of the ultimate spoils, territorial and economic. You yourself can hardly suppose that we fought for the *beaux yeux* of the Croats and Poles *et hoc genus omne*. The Croats and several other interesting nationalities whose names I forget were delivered to Italy in April, 1915, while we were still talking to Ireland about the freedom of small nationalities, and the Poles were handed over, body and soul, to Russia (rightly enough) in the secret treaty of February, 1917. It was fortunate that these and all the other arrangements were successfully kept secret for so long. They would have hampered especially the anti-Irish propaganda which we were forced by their own insane behaviour to keep up. It would, for example, have been more difficult than it was to explain the burning of a portion

of Dublin and the execution of a dozen ringleaders in that pathetically foolish rebellion of 1916 if the secret treaty, signed in the same month, partitioning the Turkish subject nationalities, had been generally known. Luckily, the Liberals were still in power. They have a gift for dealing with these delicate situations which we blunter militarists lack. Mr. Asquith throughout showed unsurpassed tact.

"Now I come to the ardent Mr. Wilson, the enlarged formulas, and our supposed adherence to his 'universal principles.' Here I join issue squarely. We were not committed to his crazy excesses of idealism. In truth, he had spoken at such length and with such ambiguity all through the war that the tired people over here, fighting for their lives, had ceased almost to listen. Would he come in? That was the point. And when he did at last come in, so far as anyone knows to the contrary, he made no conditions. He could have tried to stipulate for a free Ireland or a free Togoland or anything he pleased; but he did not do so, and probably he could not have done so, because his own people, hot for war, and responding admirably to our anti-Irish propaganda, had developed a very robust militarism which was out simply to thrash the Germans and avenge Belgium. Besides, there were the Philippines. We ourselves were out to win the war. Do not you perceive that we should have lost the war—worse than lost it—if we had subscribed to the universal principles?

"Let me point out, too, that Mr. Wilson himself was shaky. On December 4, 1917, in declaring for war upon Austria-Hungary, he expressly disclaimed any 'wish to impair or re-arrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire' (an Empire which was a congeries of rebellious little nationalities). He retracted this a month later in the 'fourteen points' speech, but in the interval the Bolsheviks had invited all the Powers at war to discuss peace at Brest on the basis of 'no annexations and self-determination,' two words which summed up all his ardent orations. He was silent, like the rest of us. A lucid interval. Occasionally, you see, somebody explained to him some of the racial facts of Europe, of which he was quite ignorant. But he always returned to the clouds and he came only half-way down to construct the fourteen points.

"No doubt, the speech containing them was aimed

against the Allies as well as against the enemy. The condemnation of 'secret covenants' and 'conquest and aggrandisement' shows it, independently of the passages you quoted, but we really agreed only to the points themselves—and what a medley they are of obvious platitudes, grandiloquent ambiguities, and Utopian impossibilities! Well, I am not going to quibble—I admit that 'the spirit,' as you call it, underlying them was that of self-determination. How could we carry it out? It was bad enough to be rushed into using them at all as a basis of peace. But Mr. Wilson himself saved the situation. He came down at last from the clouds and helped us to make the best of a very embarrassing business. The first six points have disappeared (virtually), and note that the sixth guarantees Russia 'unhampered and unembarassed opportunity for independent determination of her own political development . . . under institutions of her own choosing.' This is described as an 'acid test,' and it is one with a vengeance, for if we can assert our right (and we have asserted it) to impose institutions on Russia, *a fortiori* we can maintain institutions in Ireland. The fifth point, under much ardent verbiage, settles the 'colonial claims' in our favour. 'The interests of the populations are to have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.' 'Equal,' mind you, and it is the titles, not the institutions, which are to be determined. That is sane imperialism. Ireland is in all but the name a colony. The tenth point, assuring to the old subject nationalities of Turkey 'absolutely unmolested opportunity for autonomous development,' is, of course, absurd. The happy expedient of mandates will solve this and other questions for the imperial races.

"Lastly, the fourteenth point. Well, I perceived from what you said that you are under no illusions. We had to quiet Mr. Wilson with a League. It will not live very long, but as long as it lives it is a buttress of imperialism. The preamble, lengthy as it is, does not hint at 'liberty.' The implications were anathema. The Great Powers are the masters and are confirmed in their mastery, all save the effete, which discredit a great principle and disappear, and Germany, which has to be crushed. The League sanctions conquest; that is the main thing: the mandate system is

immaterial. If any phrase had even hinted that a country lost in war by the Power owning it were *ipso facto* to be *free*, the pass would have been sold and the door opened to disintegration and anarchy. For the rest, Ireland's very existence is ignored by the League. Ireland, for the League's purpose, is England. That is right.

"And so we come to the broad result. Of course, I agree with your analysis of the facts. They are only too true. This pandemonium of ridiculous little self-determining republics was a disaster we could not avert. We would have much preferred to see a strong imperialist Russia planted at Constantinople, as arranged in the secret treaty of March, 1915, and we had no real quarrel with Austria-Hungary. All we can do, as matters have fallen out, is to manipulate the mushroom States in such a way as to create the greatest possible obstacle to German expansion eastward and Bolshevist penetration westward. There is a danger of over-reaching ourselves in making the Ulsters too artificial, but, at any rate, we encourage a virile mutual combativeness among these young peoples instead of a flaccid pacifism through which a revived Germany might pursue the old *drang nach Osten.*

"Yes, Ireland alone is left. the last white subject community in the world (broadly speaking, as you say), a ten times more deserving and less dangerous recipient of the blessings of freedom than these inextricably confused and half-civilised communities, with their depressing and unpronounceable names. I do not want to talk the conventional Unionist nonsense about Ireland. I make you a present of the rest of your case. Given your line of reasoning, which is wrong, it is unanswerable. But do not you see that, on our line of reasoning, which is right, all your arguments make up an equally unanswerable case for keeping Ireland? That delightful little island, with its impeccable historical identity and unity, isolated, unaggressive, and all the rest, is the last stronghold of imperialism in Europe, and, if we look further afield, the key-work in a fortified system which covers the globe. White or coloured matters not a whit now. Egypt, India, and scores of other nationalities are watching Ireland. 'Self-determination' has superseded Home Rule. If we *willingly* (that is the point) give up a

country which we possess and which we can easily keep (three divisions—what is that?) merely because 75 per cent. of its inhabitants clamour for us to do so, we set a disastrous and irrevocable precedent for ourselves and we betray our Allies. The Dominion precedent? If you read history intelligently, you know that we did not spontaneously give liberty to the Dominions in a holy passion for justice. They were either troublesome or threatening to become so, and we did not think it worth while to face the nuisance and risk of another American war. In effect their own Sinn Fein won liberty for them. But we cannot by our own willing consent allow Sinn Fein to win liberty for Ireland. That would be suicide. I am sorry for what goes on there . . . but they will come to reason. We have strong friends in the country and we mean it well."

Thus the two voices: two very old voices, as old as man himself, but never so icily clear, so incapable of misconstruction, so clamorous for an answer. The tension, it would seem, must be soon ended. On the one side Mr. Macpherson with his machine-guns and tanks, on the other an idea—a passionate aspiration—incarnate in the overwhelming majority of Irishmen, a strengthening world-force behind it, a weakening world-force—so, at least, I believe, in spite of all grim signs to the contrary—against it. It is for the British people to help forward one force or the other, and it is impossible to believe that at this crisis in the world's affairs, with all the shameful evidences of their eternal failure in Ireland staring them in the face, they will consciously decide to give a fresh impetus to the evil but weakening force. Great issues turn on the decision. It is pivotal: our cynic was right in that. Willingly, without one backward thought, to make the right decision, would be to transform and purify the politics, first of the British Empire, then of the world, to put an end to the scandalous succession of risings and repressions now making that Empire a by-word in Europe, and to give its statesmen and those of America the power they do not now possess of insisting on international morality and justice.

A Hundred Years Ago

By Austin Harrison

HISTORY proverbially repeats itself, and even every century seems to act as a warning mirror to its predecessor, to test, as it were, man's progress or stagnation. The parallel between the Europe of to-day and the Europe of Pitt in his struggle against the French Revolution, and subsequently of the Great Powers which culminated in the Holy Alliance, is startling. Causes and effects are largely identical. In the changes of formula, direction, standard, ideal and mechanism only can we descry discrepancies; above all, the map still blinds and always the sequel to action is reaction. If Cromwell's aim was Protestant unity, it was France who triumphed, for the Anglo-French Alliance against Spain raised France to greatness. Cromwell's friend, the Protestant Great Elector of Brandenburg, was right in his advice in 1655—the time had not come for a Protestant crusade against Europe. But Cromwell was two hundred years before the rest of Europe. As Royalty in England declined, in Europe the Monarchy rose, and its triumph was Cromwell's downfall. Cromwell's work, the fall of Spain, created a powerful France. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century acted hostilely to the springs of national development. Thus it was Cromwell who created Louis XIV. and the great war period which followed, and so the keynote of the eighteenth century was the struggle between England and France for the possession of the New World: which to-day has come back to unite us.

In 1789 Europe was again convulsed by a great liberating idea, the French Revolution, and this time it was England who opposed it, inevitably as the legacy of the Restoration. The vital strength of the French idea lay in the *new principle* that the reforms of government, legal, social and religious, were the concern of the People and not, as hitherto, to be left to the chance initiative of rulers. And it was this principle, far more than the politico-military

propulsion of France, which roused the nations in arms against her.

What France gave to Europe was Liberty, and so, as the soul of the Revolution passed into other countries, its repercussion was democratic and its direct result reaction. Privilege in Europe for the first time saw itself threatened. But the transition was too sudden. In France, emancipation led automatically to absolutism; of the principle of self-government hardly a vestige remained. Outside France the hue and cry became Jacobinism, championed by Pitt, whose whole policy may be summed up as hostility to the liberalising ideas of France, which unquestionably Napoleon reflected and indelibly bequeathed as his legacy to Europe. Thus Napoleon sought to re-establish Poland and, despite the opposition of Russia, he founded the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. As the result of Tilsit, which marked the zenith of Bonaparte's power, he laid, though perhaps unconsciously, the foundation of German unity in the Confederation of the Rhine, for though designed as a military satrapy, it welded together the separatist German Principalities and for the first time created a German whole. Napoleon was never really destructive. He, in turn, was, and doubtless had to be, destroyed, yet he left Europe with a new sense. The work of the Corsican found its true expression, not in his policy of "indemnities," but in the European Revolution of 1848.

After Jena, Napoleon said of the Prussian Junkers, "I will make that *noblesse* so poor that they will have to beg their bread; and in this spirit—of security—he established the Confederation of the Rhine, comprising twenty million Germans, of which he was Protector. But there is no such thing as "security." Seven years later the King of Prussia rode into Paris, and as the Cossacks and Allied troops entered Paris, driving French wounded prisoners before them, it was the French nobles who acclaimed the conquering troops; it was the Prussian nobles who reaped the fruits.

It is amusing to-day to recall that our whole foreign policy aimed at the aggrandisement of Austria, the most reactionary country in Europe. Thus at the Treaty of Paris we cynically handed over Venice to the Hapsburgs —the great idea of self-government of the French Revolu-

tion had utterly passed away. Yet the terms we made with France in 1814 and even after Waterloo were essentially constructive and even magnanimous. When Prussia demanded Alsace-Lorraine and other fortifications on the left bank of the Rhine as a buffer State against France, Wellington refused, though Hardenberg prophesied that rivers of blood would flow as the result; and the Tsar, Alexander, began to show those symptoms of spirituality that, exciting the contempt of Castlereagh, who spoke of him as a "visionary," led to the Holy Alliance. In the second Treaty of Paris we returned to France nearly all her colonies; France suffered no substantial loss. On the contrary, Italy, who was then the geographical expression of Europe, was treated accordingly, but Wellington declined to support any policy of French disruption or dis-annexation, and so the "big" Powers passed from Waterloo to the (Wilsonian) concept of the Holy Alliance which was to ensure peace and goodwill to all the nations.

Old Europe had passed away at the peace of Lunéville in 1801. The idea then, as now, was a New Order—under the Monarchical system, the foundation of which was the maintenance of the Bourbon sovereignty. Christianity was solemnly declared to be the basis of control and of government, and the contracting monarchs pledged themselves to co-operate like brothers for the welfare of humanity. At first Lord Castlereagh held aloof, but eventually he joined on the understanding that the aims of the "Big Four" were to exclude Napoleonism from France, to combine as the controlling authority of Europe and to hold regular congresses for the settlement of disputed questions. Communications were addressed to France by way of identical commands. The domestic policy of France was to be discussed as a common interest. France was placed under surveillance, precisely in the form of the Peace to be dictated to Germany to-day.

The connecting bond of the Alliance was hostility to the revolutionary movement, and this was its strength and motive.* All the Courts of Europe were united on this aspect of the Alliance, which thus from the outset

* See the notorious "Six Acts," 1819, directed against Radicalism and public meetings.

was far more anti-democratic in its aims than political, far more concerned with Jacobins and the idea-istic movement then beginning in Europe, than with territorial securities, or even the balance of power. Its weakness lay in the weakness of its originator, the Tsar.

The Emperor Alexander was at first probably genuine enough. He seems to have had scruples, even vision. He began by re-creating the Kingdom of Poland and granted it a constitution; he toyed with schemes of reform in Russia. But against Alexander was arrayed Metternich, the arch reactionary, whose policy of suppression and reaction soon began to make itself felt throughout Europe. He quickly captured and dominated the very Christian Alliance, which characteristically excluded both Pope and Sultan, and as our English policy was concentrated on the strengthening of Austria, it was Metternich who controlled the Alliance and not at all its founder, the "ingenuous and visionary" Tsar. In 1818 the four sovereigns met and withdrew the armies of occupation from France; the question then arose of the admission of France to the Concert or League of Nations. Canning was adamant. He realised Metternich's power—he realised that the Concert was little more than an Alliance against the liberties of the Peoples. He was ready to join in any League which kept down Jacobinism; he saw no object in an Alliance aimed at the supremacy of Governments as against their subjects, which at any time might involve Britain in a campaign at the bidding of the reactionary European Courts. The truth was that Parliament stood before him; he dared not flout it (this seems almost comic to-day). The British people were reasserting themselves; they could not be trusted to sanction indefinitely a system aimed at the suppression of all Liberal movement and thought, and so Canning's objections obtained.

The Great Powers undertook to keep the Bourbons on the throne, and France was declared to be reinstated in the Councils of Europe. There were to be meetings of rulers, but no Court of Control over Europe. In the manifesto which proclaimed their unity, the big States declared their aim to be the maintenance of peace; the observance of international law; the happiness and moral welfare of the little Peoples. The remainder of the story can be told in

a few words. The Tsar's Holy Alliance, which began so auspiciously, first with the statesmanlike Treaty with France, secondly with the affirmation of constructive principle, was merely a *mechanism of authority*; it possessed no intelligence, it was not founded of the people or for the people and so rapidly degenerated into a design of oppression against all forms of constitutional government. The Liberalism of the German Universities had thoroughly frightened Metternich, and then the Tsar took fright. Prussia became the satellite of Austria supported by Castlereagh. The Universities, all gymnastic unions, the Press—these were declared anathema. And so the conquerors of Napoleon conspired to terrorise the professors and journalists of awakening Europe, and when Kotzebue was assassinated all idea of constitutional government for the time perished. The era of suppression began. Free teaching, free discussion ceased—the war of liberty opened, to culminate in the European Revolution of 1848.

Thus the French Revolution internationalised the Germans—Goethe, who saluted Napoleon, never thought of the German race as one and said the Germans would never throw off the yoke of Napoleon; and subsequently unified them (1) by welding the Petty Principalities together in the Confederation of the Rhine, thus undermining the pre-eminence of Catholic Austria; (2) by rousing the intellectual spirit of the Universities and the Press to the idea of constitutional government and liberty which found expression in 1848; (3) by giving to Europe the idea of government by the consent of the governed. Rochefoucauld was right: "Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred." In Europe the Napoleonic wars left little hate, except in England, but a live idea. It was the great Napoleon who laid the foundations of German unity; it was another Napoleon who led the Germans back to the monarchical system of war, inaugurated by Bismarck. Looking back, we see the vast upheaval of a hundred years ago to be rooted in the fear of Governments of the French idea, which, leading to military absolutism in France, brought about the great war in turn ending in the pious insincerity of the Holy Alliance. When Napoleon was defeated, the revolution passed to Europe and the Alliance

became the instrument of its suppression. In 1831, Russia overthrew Poland; the map of Europe changed with kaleidoscopic confusion because alone Governments mattered—the Peoples had no voice. But this very authority led to the liberation of the Peoples—of the Germans, of Italy, of Greece, etc., and then with the liberation the reaction of militarism resumed its place. Disraeli fought passionately on behalf of the Turk. German hegemony arose. The old German Liberalism died out. In turn, the Germanic idea of Napoleonism arose under the vertical power system of monarchy. It led inevitably to the war which started in 1914, as the logical issue of the armament competitive system, with the balance of power shifting to America, who, even as the Tsar in 1814, took the field on fourteen points of principle. To-day it is Germany who lies at Britain's feet, and once more the fear is idea. But this time the revolution emanates from Russia.

Looking back, we can see an exact parallel in the Jena of Napoleon and the cataclysm which has befallen the Germany of Bismarck. A Jena coming midway between Rossbach and Sedan is a curious phenomenon, yet it is repeated to-day. Undoubtedly the cause lies in the system. Prussia needs government because of her geographical position in the centre of Europe. It was laid down between 1720–1730 as the bureaucratic instrument of militarism founded by the father of the Great Fritz. And so Prussia alone remained indifferent to the French Liberal idea. Kant was threatened with "our highest displeasure" on the publication of his *Pure Reason*, exactly as was Mommsen at the age of 98 for criticising the Pan-Germans in 1902. Political Philistinism became the blight of the land. When Prussian government fell, the people lost all power of resistance. In all Prussian history, the surrender of the fortresses of Magdeburg, Spandau, Preuzlau, Stettin, without a blow in 1805, was the most abject. And then in 1808 government returned, the people recovered, the "War of Liberation" began. The era of Stein arose.

It is amusing to-day to recall that the Crown Prince (later Frederick William IV.) offered himself and his wife to Napoleon as hostages in 1809 until Prussia had paid off her indemnity, and that Napoleon replied: "*C'est bien noble, mais c'est impossible.*" Those who are astonished

at the collapse of modern Germany need only to inquire into the psychological reasons which through history have characterised the Prussian people : who without leaders fall, as it were, naturally into slothful indifference, particularism and philistinism, but who under firm guidance are capable of the highest physical achievements. Thus Prussia was cowed by Napoleon, the rude Spanish smashed him. It was Napoleon's Spanish war which broke the back of his armies, due to the tenacity of the Spanish peasantry, free from political passions, and that in the face of the most rotten Government, which collapsed at the first trial. Spain really revealed to Europe the signet of nationality, and it was quite new at the time, for up to the peace of Westphalia religion was the determining factor, succeeded by the principle of Princes. Spain set the fashion. In Prussia, Fichte's great lectures on the Spanish re-created the Prussian patriotism, and in Stein and Scharnhorst and Humboldt Prussia found great creators. Spain regalvanised even Austria in 1809, but she was crushed at Wagram, chiefly because Prussia failed to move and we sent our hapless expedition to the Scheldt.

Thus we find the wars of the last century started by the French idea of Liberalism, which, leading to military absolutism in France, roused Europe in opposition, and the idea finally etiolating in the counter-idea of a League of Nations to exclude Napoleonism and provide the Peoples with peace. But the French Revolution had done its work; the idea prevailed and ultimately, through the insensate militarism of Napoleon, assumed the character of Nationality. From Waterloo to Königgrätz, Nationality was the new war idea of Europe. It was fought by Cavour and Garibaldi in Italy; it was fought in Spain, in Greece, where Byron found his death, in Hungary, in the Tyrol, in Poland, in Roumania, in the Balkans against the Turks, in the German Principalities. Finally it became the unifying medium of Prussia under Bismarck, who was never a Pan-German and always opposed German colonising ambitions. Yet he, too, like Napoleon, floundered on the snare of militarism, and the great mistake of his life was the Danish annexation. He lost his central purpose. His next mistake was the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, which thus led to the European armed system, the Franco-

Russian Alliance and eventually to the Entente grouping and so to the great war of 1914. Now the positions are again reversed. France, as after Cromwell, re-emerges supreme, supported by the greatest combination in history. This time the Germans lie prostrate. If what Napoleon roused in Europe was the idea of Nationality, this war has left us with the idea of internationalism. And once more the controlling group has set up a mechanism of order, to-day styled the Covenant. Instead of France, it is Germany who is to be controlled, dis-annexed, and militarily eviscerated. What will the League make of it?

Where Cromwell used force, he unquestionably failed—he merely re-created other force, *i.e.*, France. All the victories of Napoleon have passed into nothingness: what remain are his roads, which the Americans have recently finished. Looking back a hundred years, we are that posterity that alone can see a whole. It would be difficult to-day to condemn Napoleon's work, for the Princely system of Feudal Europe had to be destroyed and only war could have removed it. That he accomplished. Similarly the modern military monarchical system had to be destroyed. That work too we have done. But the effects are not the same as after 1815. In this war whole peoples have fought and suffered, whole States have been engaged, and as a result the economic mechanism of the world has been disturbed. In Europe, Russia as a Power no longer exists; the Austrian Empire no longer exists; the German Empire lies at the mercy of its conquerors. But it is the *economic life* of those Peoples that is destroyed to-day, not only their systems. The problem is infinitely more complex and difficult than that of placating and displacing Kings and Princes, because the growing idea is Democracy. And that again is complicated both as regards sanction and inspiration. If Castlereagh feared Parliament in connection with the Holy Alliance, to-day Ministries ignore Parliament. In this sense we in Britain have unquestionably gone back. The genius of our race no longer resides in Parliament, it lies outside: its power derives from the Press. Now this means that the mechanism of control depends upon manipulation. Thus at Paris "open covenants," which were to inaugurate the new era, had to be discarded, and, as in 1814, the controllers

sat in secrecy. Their Covenant was produced without the knowledge or co-operation of Parliaments; the peoples have had nothing to do with it. Instead of a "visionary" Tsar there is Bolshevism or the negative instrument of the Jewish attack upon the world's economic mechanism. In place of a Europe articulate only in the middle-class, as in 1815, the force of Democracy to-day lies in the masses, and it is doubtless to this fact that we owe the curious mediocrity of rulers and the absence of the "free and spacious" mind. We move gregariously, no longer individualistically, and national soldiers bend to the appeal. In a word, we no longer control our systems, the systems control us; our rulers are but the figure-heads of the shifting fashions of the day. They but reflect opportunism, which is the negation of statesmanship. The King, the *ego* of a Castlereagh or a Disraeli are submerged in the tumult of their associations. Not even a Talleyrand appears to provoke a smile.

This is the difficulty of the conquering world as it sets out to evolve a New Order. In such conditions, measure, equity, balance are undemocratic virtues, because the mass democracy of to-day seeks the immediate and so it masters results. Adjustment has become the road to applause, but adjustment means compromise, means, after war, passion, the evasion of difficulties. The "spawning" peoples thus face one another in an epoch of transition, quite literally at the end of the old European order, or survival of Feudalism, and the governing idea is economic. That is probably the measure of our progress. We have emerged from the religious wars and the monarchical wars to the breakdown of the European system, and the one conscious gain is democracy or welfare. The vision is thus sub-national and international; a levelling-up—*opportunity*.

This is the world's problem in 1919.

And as in August, 1819, the Holy Alliance at Carlsbad had to deal with idea, so the League of Nations in 1919 is faced with idea—the idea of revolution, which again would seem to be the problem left by war. Simply stated, the era we are now entering upon would appear to be the struggle between Capital and Labour, which in reality is the struggle of the Jews: between those who control capital and those who would replace it by another mechanism.

And as France stood between the Holy Alliance and the revolutionary idea then, so now Germany stands between the League of Nations and Bolshevism. The problem of Europe to-day is thus treatment or attitude. Are we to seek political security, upon which capitalism or credit depends, by idea, or are we, ignoring the lessons of 1814, to establish political security by force as the means of controlling the idea? In a word, shall we repeat Napoleon's policy towards the Prussian Junkers after Jena, or can we rise to real construction on the basis of the new Covenant of Nations, thus meeting idea with idea, and in the place of authority substitute co-operation?

To all who read history there can be but one answer. Unless we are to return to the reactionary inanities of the Holy Alliance, the new Alliance of the Nations must be made a vital integument of construction. Sores must be healed, not widened. Correction must be induced, not forced, for force is the breeder of force, never of idea. Nationalities must be respected, sanction federated. Instead of the vertical spirit, Europe must be led to think horizontally, that is, co-operatively; must because the map to-day in the epoch of industrialism is not, as in 1815, a mere racial or religious geographical expression; it is an economic interdependent organism, and the lives of tens of millions of peoples depend upon its mechanism. Thus the need to-day is of food, of work, of facilities for work. The problem is economic, hunger; industrial, not political. The League of Nations will stand or fall according to its interpretation of this necessity.

The Throttle-hold

By Austin Harrison

THE conditions of Peace which are to be dictated to Germany have never been equalled in history. In their meticulous laceration, their continuous stringency, their throttle-hold on the vitals of a nation, they are without a precedent; and if there is a certainty, it is that the "Wilson" peace, once so feared by extremists, will go down to posterity as the most comprehensive document of punishment on record, and, were it not that the Covenant forms an integral part of the Treaty, thereby qualifying the Treaty or itself remaining meaningless, probably the most reactionary. It is the French answer to Bismarck, stamped with blood and iron. *Vae victis!* Yet it goes further than any Tetrarchian decree, dwarfing the mere map-charting of Louis XIV and Bonaparte, in that it laces Germany with umbilical cords, as it were, of control indefinitely, or, as children might say, for evermore. In comparison Brest-Litovsk was a nursery peace. Motived by force, the security too is force, and the penalties are continuous. In this sense it is a capitalists', not a soldiers' peace. To judge by the peace of 1815, Wellington would certainly* not have signed it.

We still have only a summary of the book of the words of the most compendious pronouncement in diplomatic annals, and as that summary leaves blank perhaps the most important clauses, such as the demarcation of the Czecho-Slovak Empire, no final judgment can be passed. As before said, the Treaty is part of the Covenant, and the Covenant is the coping-stone of the Treaty, so that there is at least a balance on paper, though it is a curious dualism. Which is the vital instrument? The Treaty of force or the Covenant? Only time, of course, will tell. Yet this is certain. The Treaty annihilates, the Covenant suggests life. They are thus polarities of spirit and ludicrously self-contradictory. If the Covenant means anything, the

* We now know that the summary is defective in a number of very important points, so the Democracies who fought for Liberation are not allowed to see the Treaty in full even when all Germans have the full text.

Treaty means little; if the Treaty is the thing, then the Covenant is merely a mechanism, like the Tsar's Holy Alliance.

Let us examine the Treaty, which falls into three main divisions: (1) military, as it concerns disarmament and "security"; (2) territorial, as regards the fruits of victory or re-creations; (3) economic, as regards reparation and penalisation. The nature of the military conditions is new. Germany is to be winged and castrated. Her army is to be reduced to a third of ours before the war on a compulsory voluntary basis, *without reserves;* guns, material, aircraft, etc., are to be limited to the pleasure of the Allies' General Staff, Germany not being allowed a General Staff. All production of armaments is to be limited to a schedule. For fifty miles east of the Rhine the Germans may not maintain a fortress or work of any kind. Similarly with the navy. Heligoland is to be dismantled. No fortifications are to be maintained or erected on the coasts, and her fourteen cables are to be taken away with control of her wireless stations. She may maintain no military aircraft. In short, a nation of 70,000,000 people are to regard themselves as defenceless—if attacked by Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, obviously no French regiment would go to their aid—though, of course, by the very nature of such conditions of force only the vast maintenance of force on the part of the Allies can hope to maintain acceptance.

As regards the military conditions, this must be said. All will depend upon the reality, not of the impositions, but of the Covenant. If German disarmament is to be the first step towards general disarmament, well, there is method in what otherwise must be regarded as unqualified madness. And for this most human of all reasons. Such conditions strip the Germans of honour. They wound, therefore, the primal instincts of man; they sear, not heal; they strike at the spring-heads of patriotism, of historical tradition, of national pride; they treat the weapons as the error, whereas the true error lies in the human will. In plain words, they are the preventive of force when the quintessential need is of correction of mind. Historically, they will of course be no more permanent than Napoleon's devices; they depend upon the Covenant.

The territorial disannexations and re-creations are of a similar category; that is, their design is strategic, at the expense of Prussia. Again, their reason is clearly dictated by hate. Here we have at once a root point of statesmanship, the concern of international democracy. The disannexations and annexations deliberately codify the historical Franco-Prussian feud, they render negative all hope of reconciliation. Instead of establishing an equation of concord, they perpetuate and intensify the vendetta which century after century has soaked Europe with blood; they give it the *imprimatur* of the British flag. This fact is politically the outstanding feature of the Treaty. The nations who thought they were fighting for a "better world" now find themselves pledged to fight again for the France of Louis XIV. No attempt has been made to *remove* the cause of Europe's blood feud. On the contrary, France has chosen to consolidate her feud, not to liquidate it, and she has engraved that blood impress upon the Treaty. Yet a generous France was Europe's one hope; she has rejected it, and with her passion harnessed the world to her chariot. In vain the lessons of history. The French have far outstripped Bismarck, who refrained from all economic penalisation* in 1871, and returned to the scythe of the Corsican. If her annexations were the only clause in the Treaty, historically that clause would determine. The road is the old imperialist road. Europe is to be rebuilt on revenge. Like Napoleon, France has said: "I will bleed those Junkers white." *Vive la guerre!*

What Germany is to lose then is territory amounting to some 30,000 odd square miles (three-quarters of England), with a direct loss in population of nearly 7,000,000; and, in addition, Schleswig and East Prussia, or about 9,000 square miles with an additional million odd people—these two latter territories to be determined by plebiscite. The Germans of Austria are to be recognised as independent.

The return of Alsace-Lorraine we may accept as inevitable, though were France wise she would have insisted upon neutralisation, and so have testified to her brave good-will to work under the guarantee of the world for the peace of the world. With regard to the historic "rights," there is little

* France was left commercially free to recover. The indemnity was £300,000,000. After Waterloo France had to pay £40,000,000.

in it, because up to the days of Napoleon Europe was not a map of *nationalities*, but of religious and princely interests, and so little did peoples matter that we find the ruler of the ancient German Empire cheerfully selling Alsace-Lorraine to the French at the Peace of Westphalia for £3,000,000—that was not a capitalist age. But Alsace-Lorraine might pass, for though historically Alsace-Lorraine is indisputably German in race and tongue, in spirit the inhabitants are French, and it is spirit which justifies a nation and in sum defines it. An equation could be found on that score under League of Nations law; no equation will be found for the arbitrary appropriation of the Saar valley, including even Homburg, which is characteristically German, historically and ethnographically. This is annexation, for Germany could easily be compelled to supply France with coal by way of reparation *without occupation*, and as the terms provide for a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years but make no stipulation as regards imported or packed votes whereby Germany may, if the decision falls in her favour, buy back the mines, it is clear that a 100,000 Polish imported vote can control the fate of that district, as would seem to be already openly contemplated.

The Saar valley will thus remain a fighting issue because a point of honour. If we regard it to-day as the legitimate fruit of victory, to-morrow we shall perforce recognise it as the seed of war. For this is the old diplomacy without imagination, incapable of moral justification. It creates a second Alsace-Lorraine. To Britain its significance lies in the fact that as bailiff we lose our historic independence; we enter the armed ring of the Continent as France's second; we become a great military Power; our blood will have to defend it; and the price of our co-operation must inevitably be conscription.

On the Eastern side, the disannexations are Napoleonic. Just as Napoleon sought to paralyse Prussia by creating the Confederation of the Rhine, which thereby ended the Roman-German Empire, so at Paris they have sought to divide Prussia from Russia by the re-creation of a strategic Poland. Historically, men can plead either way. For observe. In 1466 West Prussia became Polish; in 1660 Prussia wrenched herself free from Polish suzerainty; then again, in 1807, Napoleon re-established part of Poland at Prussia's expense at Tilsit. The French have clearly

sought to give the Peace of Paris the Tilsit touch, forgetting that Tilsit only lasted seven years, for in 1815 the Tilsit dispensations vanished, and Poland was once more parcelled up at the pleasure of the Tsar and the ruling Powers, to be finally crushed by Russia in 1831.

The basic design is strategic; in all essentials it is *étatisme*, or the military machinery of monarchy, bureaucracy, Army. Without the full facts, we cannot judge this new creation, but on the face of it the thing is an anomaly. A corridor is to be created; Danzig is to be a "free" town, a free territorial unit, as at Tilsit. Posen is to return to Poland with West Prussia and Upper Silesia, and part of East Prussia is to be referred to a plebiscite, leaving some millions of Germans in the north cut off from their country between an enclosure of "Associated Power" territory about Memel as a northern strategic base against Russia. Thus an Eastern Alsace-Lorraine is to be created as a diversion. Russia, of course, has not been consulted, nor apparently have the Protestant Poles. The idea has obviously been to establish a powerful Polish State which, linking up with the creation of Czecho-Slovakia and subsequently with Jugo-Slavdom, will thus constitute a barrier (the "sanitary cordon") between Germany and Russia from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Its framework is Tilsitian and manifestly derives from Napoleon's plan to re-create the Duchy of Warsaw for French military reasons.

Here again is a root point of feud or honour. The disannexations cut back to the time of Frederick the Great, the hero of Prussian history. It is a gigantic experiment in counter-militarism, but it is more: it deliberately dispossesses a higher for a lower plane of civilisation, disturbing the economic equilibrium of all Eastern Europe, creating in a Greater Poland what certainly must be regarded as a highly doubtful economic unit. To expect the Germans to acquiesce in such a displacement, in such an act of violence as the enforced lease of zones in Hamburg and Stettin harbours, touching the vital spots of Germanic history and evolution, is to play the ostrich. Thus in East and West every fibre in the German composition is to be scratched and we return to the law of the "fittest."

All German colonies are to be forfeited, and all rights in China, Morocco, etc.; the Kiel Canal is to be open to all ships of war; Germany loses Luxemburg; Moresnet and

Malmedy to Belgium; and, by way of slitting the nose of the bullet, our Protectorate over Egypt is to be recognised—thus we smite her "with the botch of Egypt," according to Deuteronomy; and the French flags captured in 1870 are to be restored, plus the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa, of German East Africa, to his Britannic Majesty's Government, with the forfeiture of all rights or interests of a transferable financial character anywhere and everywhere. Not much left for "Fritz" in the military provisions; the economic clauses are even more frightful, compounded with Mephistophelian ingenuity.

They imply the loss to Germany of 70 per cent. of her iron ore; 30 per cent. of her hard coal, leaving her with only soft coal; the Silesian zinc, with 35 per cent. of her blast furnaces, and about 12 per cent. of her food production. As Germany was a highly industrial country, with a surplus of imports over exports on a five years' estimate before 1914 and necessarily imported about 25 per cent. of her food, these economic deprivations irretrievably shatter her economic position as an *exporting country*, because they deprive her of raw materials, the possession of which formed the basis of her industrial life, which henceforth the Powers are empowered to control *politically*.

Incidentally this evisceration eliminates all idea of an *indemnity*, which, as has been shown in this REVIEW, *is a* problem of transfer of value, for as Germany *can only pay in commodities* and this form of payment can only take place through a great *increase in exportation*, which *ipso facto* has been rendered *impossible owing to the loss of her raw materials*, which will henceforth have to be imported or *paid for*, we have ourselves reduced the problem of an indemnity to a *reductio ad absurdum*; however much this truth is camouflaged in clauses hinting at an indefinite figure after the first £5,000,000,000 has been paid. Electioneering pledges may politically thus be saved, but the truth is that no indemnity can now be paid, and as German export trade literally can be controlled by the Allies, who control the needful raw materials, and cannot consequently increase, *very little money* will be forthcoming even by way of *reparation* beyond the value of shipping, coal, potash, what little gold Germany possesses, which in all probability will have to be returned to her to help preserve the standard of gold, and through some such con-

trivance as a loan to Germany guaranteed by Britain and America. Here the terms border on the ridiculous. They neutralise themselves.

Economically, we are in the region partly of comic opera, partly of the Bankruptcy Court, and that is why, I think, we must always consider the Treaty in juxtaposition with the Covenant, possibly even with the suspicion of a wink. For if the economic conditions are applied and are intended to be permanent, Germany as an industrial nation disappears. Deprived of ships, of colonies, of cables, of 70 per cent. of her raw materials, of gold, of 30 per cent. of coal, which is the basis of industry, of foreign markets, and of all remaining *transferable* value in the shape of foreign securities, contracts, property, rights, concessions, etc., and compelled to pay for the upkeep of the Armies of Occupation, also to build ships for the Allies to the value of 200,000 tons annually (which means payment by taxation), Germany is reduced to an agricultural basis, *i.e.*, to poverty, and some 20,000,000 of her people will be pauperised. Nothing can be clearer, because with the collapse of her industrial system millions will be thrown out of work; there will be no room for them, so that when it is considered that Germany cannot feed herself her prospects are catastrophic. No soldier would have made a peace of this blood tribute kind. In the old days, victors sacked cities, they did not hypothecate the life springs of a people. This is the work of the financier, which must imply the breakdown of Germany's economic system and the ruin of her credit upon which that system in modern capitalist conditions depends. Literally millions will go to the wall, if these conditions are applied. Germany will be like Lancashire were that county suddenly to be deprived of cotton, or our industrial life were the coal of Wales, like the Saar valley, to be disannexed, say, to Portugal. There is no escape from this. We control. Germany is no longer to have arteries, limbs, or—credit. If it pleases Alsace-Lorraine to refuse her iron ore, Germany has no remedy. All competition as between us and Germany ceases, because we sit on the throttle. Now if we reflect that Germany was second after America in pre-war productions of steel and iron, we can readily grasp what this means. It means simply this. The new democratic Germany is to be *refused opportunity;* that is, hope. And by the terms of the Treaty her labour is

to be regarded as *Tribute labour*, after the manner of the old Romans.

So far as Germany is concerned, such terms signify economic paralysis, widespread poverty, indefinite misery, famine, chaos. She will cease to be a big exporting nation; her credit will have gone; she will be unable to recover, for her economic strength was largely dependent upon the possession of raw materials which her highly organised labour and State co-operation made good. Deprive her of this source, and Germany passes out of the big international economic system. She is throttled. The spade remains her only means of existence, for henceforth she will have to buy her raw materials. With what? She is to be made a poor country, for if the Silesian zinc and coal and iron ore are to be taken from her in addition to the coal, potash, and iron ore west of the Rhine, while she possesses no cotton and practically no wool, she is virtually left only with sugar and toys as an exporting basis, and pianos, should musicians in Allied countries desire to use them. In plain words, Germany is bound hand and foot. If she makes a little money in the future, we can impound it; but she cannot make any money for the reasons here shown. She is no longer a healthy economic unit. Millions will have to emigrate, if they can. In the history of treaties, nothing like this strangulation of a nation has ever been known, and, as if to give a touch of humour to the Ukase of Paris. Germany is to bind herself "to protect the trade of the Allied States against *unfair competition*."

Summing up the effects of the Treaty, we find that we shall get nothing, but that to get that nothing conscription will be imperative to maintain France's occupation of the Rhine and for striking purposes elsewhere for fifteen years, but that France will receive rich compensation in the shape of the iron ore transferred to her in Alsace-Lorraine and the coal in the Saar valley, to produce which, *incredibile dictu*, Polish miners (under League of Nations law?) are to be imported, as if the new Polish creation suffered from surplus population, instead, as is the case, of a very subnormal one. Militarily and economically, Germany is to be hamstrung. Territorially, she is to suffer excisions going back to 1660, wounding her in the quick of her national history, and both the Rhine and the Danube are to be commercially controlled and even her harbours. It is a Tilsit of

Capital, the design of an insatiable capitalism, contrived in the interests of credit. Of moral purpose, of balance, of equity, the Treaty contains no sign, unless it be read in the arraignment of the ex-Kaiser, which will thus give to that "religious mystic" of Feudalism the fictitious martyrdom of another Themistocles. The map is to be recast on strategic lines *more* Napoleon, and we are to be its guardians. Thus the new democratic Germany, assured by our Prime Minister in the name of Britain that she could have peace any day on President Wilson's points, is to start out under the New Order as a palsied and tributary State, economically deprived of opportunity, with at least three national sores to lick and fret upon. The question whether in such conditions the Germans sign is immaterial. *Starvation should compel signature*, but there will be no acceptance, for not only honour but life is at stake. I doubt if Britons would ever submit to such a Treaty. As a very distinguished soldier said to me about it: "There are 41 points of war at this moment. This Treaty makes 57."

There would seem only one thing to be said. Either the Treaty is frightfulness purposely designed as an act of humiliation, in which case acceptance constitutes atonement, after which the healing grace of the Covenant can begin to operate; or it is real, in which eventuality we go back to the Order of Tilsit. The future of Europe and of our sons depends then upon the Covenant, which either is the greatest hoax in history or the Ark of a new world orientation. To us, the people of the country forced to adopt the militarism we set out to destroy, not for a British interest but for a Continental Alliance, who alone can give enduring sanction to the Treaty; who with the return of calm and measured judgment will certainly come to weigh our responsibility as it affects both policy and British standards of civilisation, the question which must arise will be this: Is this sentence of vengeance with its militaristic corollary what we fought for? Is it in attunement with the national instinct and idea; with the democratic spirit of the age? Finally, will it help to remove the causes of war, or the contrary? We may even ask ourselves whether this can be the way to make the world "safe for democracy," seeing that we begin by depriving of opportunity and even of hope the very new democracies we have with so noble a sacrifice created.

Covenant or Tilsit?

By Austin Harrison

SECTION 1 of the draft Treaty of Peace contains the Covenant which, unless words literally are without meaning, must presumably be considered as a responsible attestation of policy. Here, undoubtedly, we have the auto-suggestion of the American President. Treaty and Covenant are complementary, so that the New Order, if it is to evolve, will derive from the rescripts of Paris, to which practically the solvent nations of the world are to sign allegiance. The Covenant then is to regulate international morality. For the nonce we must fain treat it as Europe's new moral law.

Two points stand out from the joint Treaty; the first is the mechanism, by no means obvious, of control; the second is the reason governing that control. The first is this. If peace is concluded upon the basis of the dual Treaty, the League of Nations *ipso facto* becomes the greatest World-Power, because it will control the *hunger-points of Europe*—the need of all Europe from the Rhine to the Urals, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, being food—which are also the *points of honour* of the belligerent nations; namely, Danzig, the Saar valley, Fiume, and Constantinople. Both Germans and Poles will stand upon honour at Danzig, as will French and Germans in the Saar valley, the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs at Fiume, the Turks, the Russians, and the Powers generally at Constantinople.

Now food is the crying need of famishing Europe. The League will thus control, through the New World, the avenues of supply, will sit, like a Colossus, astride the stomach of Europe; will be able *to starve* or create. This is the power of the League, which for purposes of mechanism for some years at any rate must operate decisively on Governments and peoples alike; to the elimination even of idea, which is man's redeeming genius. A devastated, chaotic, hungry Europe finds itself reduced to the primitive argument of food, now the League of the seas

controls that channel. Food is the basis of compulsion. The League's instrument is Bread. At the stomach pit, the League presents the "new" morality.

The second point is the philosophy of the argument, and here the oustanding feature is omission. Unlike the Holy Alliance of 1815, which expressly declined to set up a Court of Sovereign Control, the new League, though disavowing all idea of a super-state of authority, in reality does so constitute itself, not only by virtue of its food control, which is a life argument, but by the clauses of the Treaty which, as we have seen, disarm not only the whole of what was the enemy of Europe, but deprive those peoples economically of all powers of recovery. Such a control of the stomach and of wealth, *i.e.*, the products of labour, is unique. It means that three-quarters of Europe are, for some years at any rate, dependent upon the New World for *food*, and as the economic system of the Central Powers is to be levelled down and devitalised, the League in possession of three parts of the raw materials of the world can check, impede, or even shut down the products of labour, moreover itself constitutes the *credit* of the world, upon which the modern industrial system is based. Thus truly the future of the League "lies on the seas." On the waters, in the air, on land, and through the belly, the major part of Europe lies at the mercy of the League, for the whole of Europe east of the Rhine is to be so disjointed and redistributed as to prevent concentration of wealth, to impoverish the big for the benefit of the small, thus economically levelling down to the simple point of subsistence, leaving the victorious League in full possession of the *sources of wealth*, of the *distribution of wealth*, from the Mandatory oil of the East to a lien on German dyes. The League can afford to disclaim a superstructure because economically it owns, not only the credit of the world but the wealth of the world, and Europe in comparison will be but a labour colony. So much for the control. Such a clutch could not have existed in the days of Canning, for industrialism was then in its infancy and credit was national. But to-day Capital is King, and he is international. The League in reality is the greatest mechanism of Plutocratic control (so long as it remains together) ever known.

When we turn to the principles or reasons which are to establish the New Order we find they are conspicuous by their absence. In the whole Covenant there are no *foundations of principle*. No attempt has been made to found a charter of international rights, to establish a new world comity, to lay down laws or even to define the principles, if any, which have governed the decisions of Paris. This capital omission is of world significance.

The Covenant is as yet purely a mechanism dependent for all purposes of utility upon the unity of the victorious three, for Italy must be regarded rather as a satellite than as a co-operator, and, as the colour question has not even been touched upon, Japan also clearly remains but a partner of interest, virtually bidden to compensate herself in China in the old imperialist fashion. *No principles enlighten* the Covenant. The root points of war—colour, religion, economics, nationality—remain untouched: they will remain unsolved. Even the motives which have inspired the new map are left unexplained. Practically the only statement of reason is that referring to resort to war, which again is merely an expression of mechanism. The Covenant then sets out to rebuild Europe not on stated principle but—to order.

This omission of principle is profoundly disquieting. No *reason* is given for the reduction of Germany's power, the reconstitution of the map, the new constellations or the new economic units that are to be established. No principle explains the motives which have prompted the ethnographic, historic, and racial dislocations contemplated. No reason explains why it is the Associated Powers have seen right to re-map Europe at the *expense of the enemy countries only*, while vastly adding to their own possessions. Yet if the Covenant is to lay foundations of peace, not to suggest justice, principle was surely the first essential. If the reason of the League is to remove the causes of war, at least those causes should have been tackled; correction defined and the reasons for correction, preventives motived, foundations precised. Nothing of the kind has been attempted. There is no Declaration of Rights concerning the governance of the lower civilisations; the rights of minorities in those civilisations; the rights of nationality, of peoples; nor has the Covenant any association with the

sanction of Democracy which, under "open covenants of peace openly arrived at," was to be the foundation stone of the whole edifice.

This is the fundamental weakness of the Covenant. No statement of governing policy, of administration, or of the laws which are to govern such administration, is attempted; and no light is thrown upon the growing problem of Africa or of the Blacks generally, who apparently may still be conscripted by the Allied Powers. And this particular omission is strangely sinister. Thus Article XXII, dealing with the sequestration of the German African colonies, clearly shows complete disregard for principle. The reason given is "in consequence of the late war," Germany forfeits all colonies. Now this of course is merely the luck of war. Is that all? It would seem so. Nothing higher than *Vae victis*. No man would pretend that Germany behaved worse in Africa than Belgium behaved in the Congo, or that Germany's presence there was any less justified than Italy's seizure of Tripoli; but there is no comprehensive treatment. The way is the old way—the way of Napoleon, not of Wellington. The word is Hun. Germany goes out of Africa, the victorious Powers come in—under the Mandatory system.

The Mandatory is a euphemism for a benevolent Protectorate granting the controllers full rights of economic exploitation, thereby enriching the several absorbing imperialisms. Its explanation is to be found in the demand for compensation in the absence of the enemy power to pay indemnities. All root questions are avoided. Nay, the Monroe doctrine figures expressly as a principle—the one clear principle. The Mandatory only applies to enemy colonies, and no provision is made for the *extension* of its safeguards to the other dependencies of the contracting members; thus we absorb Egypt, France absorbs Morocco, etc., etc., and as nothing in the Covenant (Article XXI) shall be "deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or *regional understandings*," and (Article XXIII) specifically covers all authority of the Powers with the artful stipulation that "subject to and in accordance with the provisions of international conventions *existing* or hereafter to be agreed upon," the Mandatory system is calculated to be highly

popular with those in happy possession, while avoiding all semblance of interference with the different administrations as they may affect the economic position of the natives, their welfare or future, or the growing problem of the black races in modern industrial conditions. Africa thus figures as compensation, the Mandatory is the wand of justification. But why debate for six months to arrive at so primitive a conclusion? No cultural progress can be registered in this connection whatsoever.

But the Covenant is not even logical, it is self-contradictory. Take Article XX. Here the members agree to "abrogate all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms" of the Covenant (as these terms are not specified in any statement of principle we must conclude that the reference is to the nebulosity of the fourteen points); accordingly this clause should annul all secret treaties and most treaties in existence; but Article XXI deprives the preceding clause of all meaning by acknowledging the validity of "all other agreements," such agreements to include all special treaties, and "*military conventions that are genuinely defensive*"; upon which treaties the new map has in fact been drawn up.

This artless declaration of faith has invariably been used since Adam; it was the German reason of state; it thus leaves all the old treaties intact, such as the Pact of London, as we can all see to-day in the case of Italy clamouring for her full pound of flesh and, quite logically, claiming that the Covenant in no wise weakens the "sanctity" of that convention or division of the spoils. Article XXI thus expressly contradicts Article XX. Defensive alliances are the oldest of formulæ. Bismarck styled them re-insurance. Now as by Article X the Powers undertake to preserve the territorial integrity of all members of the League and the Council is to advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled, in the event of aggression, it is clear that there is nothing in the Covenant to prevent the formation of a great military alliance within the Covenant, plus conscription with all the civic losses of freedom and disabilities which conscription implies, as already is the case in the projected Anglo-French-American Alliance or Central Court of Control. The Covenant can consequently at any

moment become the greatest military and economic weapon in history, with the balance of power fixed in America.

Article XIX alone is a saving clause. By it treaties which have become *inapplicable* may be revised, also international conditions which seem to endanger peace; but as Article XI declares that any war or threat of war is to be recognised as the joint concern of the League, who are to take steps accordingly, and as by the constitution of the Council, which will control, the existing "big three" dominate, it is difficult to see how the loophole clause can act beneficially in the total absence of accepted principle or any definition of moral law, whether of guidance or ideal. Still Article XIX is a *saving clause*; does represent intelligence; holds out at least some hope of escape from the ruthless dictatorship of the Treaty; implies the acceptance of elasticity, thus recognising the possibility of change and the fact that nations grow and develop while others deteriorate, and that there is no finality even in victory. And that is something. Personally, I regard it as the dominant constructive provision in the Covenant, though again it is in direct contradiction to the Treaty, which itself creates conditions that will be found "inapplicable" and precisely that international friction which no man need be a prophet to see must sooner or later "endanger peace." This clause will prove the touchstone of progress, because it provides the machinery for rectification, rescuing the mechanism of the whole from still-life. Almost one might imagine it had slipped in unobserved by the framers of the Treaty, for it is one of the shortest of the articles and looks at first sight harmless. Yet it is the *core of the Covenant*, for it concedes life. It implies that finality is not aimed at, that the map is not complete, that intelligence is accepted. Under its provision, the League might speedily become a living organism, a true Court of correction. Appeal being recognised, the Council will early be put to the test, and the test will shape and define its future, for its limitations will then become apparent; above all, its *sincerity* will be put to proof. That is the vital point. It is the sincerity of the League that will make or smash it. Thus Article XIX is the confessional of the Council. To it the world will apply, by its work the world will judge. It creates a forum for mind. Before its bar the common sense of humanity

will concentrate. If it proves wooden and selfish, the whole mechanism of the League will fall, like the Holy Alliance. asunder, and men will have to begin afresh. I cannot pretend to much optimism. As it stands, it is an oasis whereat the hungry peoples may come to drink; yet it may be only a mirage. Still there it is. We can say this. If Europe's only remedy is *via* Article XIX, that gateway will soon be pretty full of applicants. A year of trial should suffice. Article XIX thus signs the birth or knell of the League.

About the Labour clauses and the specifically anti-military clauses, there is not much to say, for both are clearly embryonic. The Labour clauses will depend upon the evolution of thought as the legacy of the Russian revolution and of conditions, but as the peoples as such have had no part in the formation of the provisions they are unlikely to regard them as a new Mosaic law. The anti-military clauses are little more than a pious affirmation. They are vitiated and entirely neutralised by the Treaty, the conditions of which will compel the maintenance of militarism here, in France, and in Italy, and certainly in the creations of Greater Poland, Greater Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavdom, and, if backed by a military alliance, will merely perpetuate militarism in the controlling countries as the means to hold down militarism in the defeated countries, and as long as the League of Nations means this and nothing more, precisely so long will it be a militarist Concert of interest, as was the Alliance of 1815.

There remains the question of membership. For this a two-thirds majority of the Assembly is necessary, but the Council will be the controlling Board, and for a considerable time the Council will be dominated by the "big five," so that as regards Europe the position is likely to remain stationary for a considerable period and will designedly so remain until the withdrawal of the troops of occupation. Future treaties are to be registered, but as all existing treaties are to retain validity, not much advance can be chronicled. The Covenant is thus clearly the child of painful labour, a thing of shreds and patches. It never rises above compromise. For so epochal a document it must be admitted to be commonplace in form, lacking in distinction, nerveless and self-contradictory, showing little of the

literary skill, the consummate directness, the subtle ingenuity, the imaginative comprehensiveness of the document of Peace which is its foster associate. For the Covenant too is conceived on the plane of mortal error. It makes no attempt to deal with difficulties, to cope with the problems of mankind, or even to establish a diagnosis. All the real difficulties are evaded, thus the entire East is left "in the air." No man can honestly describe it as anything more than the laborious compromise of professional politicians seeking a similarity of formula. And so formula it remains, without inspiration, without spirituality, without a grand gesture, a shadow. It is the bastard of the Old and the New Orders.

If it be asked how this has come to pass after the world's acceptance of President Wilson's fourteen points and their ceaseless reiteration, definition, and explanation in countless speeches astonishing in their simplicity and loftiness to politicians of the Old World, the answer is that the fourteen points in reality ceased to exist long before the armistice and with the breakdown of the cardinal point of "open covenants" in Paris had ceased to determine. The truth is that after March, 1918, a radical change of attitude took place in our diplomacy. The fourteen points (*vide The Political Scene*, by Walter Lippmann, New York) originally accepted the maintenance of the Austrian Empire, but after March, 1918, the Jugo-Slav idea, originating in the Secret Treaty with Italy (April 1, 1915) to cut off Austria from the sea, was accepted by Mr. Wilson, as an American war-aim, thus compelling a modification of basic principle. It was this change which so astonished Europe in September when the Austrian peace offer was made—the points no longer applied, for Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavdom had already been recognised. Thus while the fourteen points would have left Europe in its old composition, in 1918 peace was planned on the destruction of the old combinations; dismembership of the "House of Austria" being the precondition of the new strategic creations. President Wilson in consequence went to Paris with holes in his governing points. He lost the "freedom of the seas" on the way; the "open covenants" at the first public sitting. He found himself without a brief. The result we see in the Covenant, which certainly ought to have

contained a reasoned statement motiving so revolutionary a scheme as the arbitrary break-up of the Empire of the Austrian Monarchy, founded in 1273; that Power which Pitt and Castlereagh fought so strenuously to strengthen, which before 1914 had come to be regarded by diplomatists and writers as the only salvation of Europe. The reason for the omission is obvious. French counsels had prevailed. The strategic creation of Slavdom, as a buffer line, had supplanted principle.

If we envisage the effects of the Treaty we shall require all the sanguineness that we can muster. Squeezed in between Russia and a defeated Germany, two at any rate of the new creations will have a precarious existence, and, if (as would seem imperative) they are to constitute an armed barrier, their financial lot will not be a happy one. They will require loans and we shall have to finance their armies, the Polish certainly. These countries will be in the hands of untried men inspired with conservative and imperialist ideas. Whole work has not been done. Neither Poland will be contented, nor Jugo-Slavdom, nor Czecho-Slovakia—struggling with the difficulties of two co-operative but, in the circumstances, vassal ports. The future of these States is a gamble, racial, religious, economic. Hungary will be deprived of an outlet to the sea and, wedged in between implacable racial enemies, will be crippled economically. Bulgars, Magyars, Jugo-Slavs, Greeks, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, Roumanians and Ruthenians, Albanians, Germans and Russians, all are to be arbitrarily valued and revalued, militarily and economically re-parcelled out, here levelled up, there levelled down, not on democratic principles but as units of hate, cast in a Gehenna of racial, linguistic, religious and national antagonisms. The coal of Teshen, the iron ore of Silesia, the sea, the torments of defeat, the fierce religious animosities —these alone comprise a maelstrom of agony and yearning which instead of forming a "sanitary cordon" will create as many foci of hatred as there are systems, creeds, minorities, tongues and aspirations. Mr. Garvin, in *The Observer*, May 11, has spoken the word. This is to "Balkanise" three-fourths of Europe. I can descry no constructive foundation in this eccentric dislocation of potential unity, Napoleonic in form and in the spirit. And it is the spirit which will

matter here. The map has once more been treated as a chessboard contrary to all modern idea and in defiance of economic utility. But there is no final box of tricks where peoples are concerned, and no key which can lock it. What, for instance, is it proposed to do with the Germans in Moravia; with the historic colony of Saxon Germans in Transylvania, who have been there since the twelfth century? Are they to be ruthlessly severed from their country? If so, on what principle? Again, is this the way the politicians at Paris hope to remove the causes of war? It is a strange expedient which will never survive the test. Plainly, the evil here is fear.

Take Austria proper and see how she will fare economically. Now, contrary to the general idea, Austria economically was in an unhealthy state before the war. Her imports greatly exceeded her exports, conspicuously in raw materials and food, for which latter she was dependent upon Hungary. This fact incidentally was the cause of Austria's breakdown, for the Hungarians needed all their own food. Austria imported chiefly wheat, barley, eggs, fats, and fodder. Now if she is severed from Hungary her food supply will be greatly curtailed and she will be thrown into semi-starvation; if again she is allowed to link up commercially with Hungary, political re-association is inevitable, as Kossuth always proclaimed. Disturbance in these economic foundations must lead to disorder, chaos and poverty. What principle is to justify such hardship? What principle can justify Austria's forced loss of the sea, while Italy ensconces herself down the whole Adriatic coast, Italy who only yesterday seized Tripoli and apparently is to have further compensation in Asia Minor? This assuredly is not League of Nations equity, it is League of Nations confusion. Again the reason lies in fear or the old snare of strategic security.

The problem of territorial reconstruction cannot be solved on these lines, unless the League is to admit to complete insincerity. No doubt the freedom of Bohemia had become a right, for the dual Austro-Hungarian Empire had long ago been recognised as a dynastic anachronism, ruled by Paragraph 14. But three men sitting in secret could not hope to discover a true solution without principle.

Historically, we find the usual confusion. Thus in 1348 the Germans founded a University in Prague, and in 1526 the Czechs voluntarily concluded an Alliance with Austria against the inroads of the Turks. Nor was it till 1848 that the Czechs developed a national party, which arose with the "Young Czechs." The movement is thus of quite recent origin. The Czechs are virile, artistic, their liberation is deserved, and there can be small doubt but that their freedom from the Austrian mosaic of peoples is an equitable adjustment. But this could have been done rationally on the only satisfactory basis of equal opportunity and co-operation; and that is precisely what has been avoided. The argument motiving the creations of Czecho-Slovakia, Greater Poland, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavdom is *force;* it is to establish a buffer State against the Germans and their southern landslide; to break up Austria and so economically cripple her; to crush Hungary with her fierce sense of nationality in between hostile enclaves; and it was this appeal to force, the idea, namely, of a military cordon linking Poland, Bohemia, and Greater Roumania with a Jugo-Slav basis, which really led to the adoption of these creations, partly as the reward for war service rendered (the Czechs deserted to the Russians by the hundred thousand), partly for service to be rendered. Thus the principle is force; the results consequently will also be force. Instead of re-establishing Europe on lines of co-operative concord, Eastern Europe is to be reborn on a basis of militarism; the cordon will have a military reason, and it will be so viewed by all who benefit by it and all at whose expense it has been created. What has happened, then, is a mere transvaluation of power, not a reconstruction of order. And as these creations can only be made by severe dislocations, the results cannot be peaceful. Thus Czecho-Slovakia with a population of about 12,000,000 is to have territory of the size of England, about 50,000 square miles, thereby crippling the now democratic Austria, who, instead of being reconciled, is to be amputated historically and economically, and even to be isolated from Germany. Some millions of Germans will be placed under Czech rule, under Roumanian rule, under Polish rule—under Rome. All this might have been effected equitably, economically, constructively, on a Federal

democratic basis; but the idea has been hate; and consequently there will be no acceptance, no co-operation, no harmony, only misery and plans of revenge. The truth is that the old Austrian device, "Divide and rule," has been turned against her. And the new regions of power have been created to stifle her in her democratic beginnings, whose connecting policy will be the sweets of retaliation.

Historic Europe, torn and devastated by war, religious, barbaric, and princely, presents in its composite deformity and national decomposition no true regional distinctiveness, no "natural" frontiers, no basis for the test of self-determination, and the mind that would reconstruct overnight the princely cockpit of Europe with its fierce religious and racial animosities cannot have studied either history or psychology. Is it conceivable that the Highlanders of the Tyrol are to be handed over to Italy; that the Venetian Empire is to be reconstituted, and, as if to set a dog to catch a dog, a dissatisfied Jugo-Slavdom is to be set on the top, by way of balance of power? It would seem so. And there is this: the new creations are purposely designed as a "block"—which postulates counter-block. All Czech writers insist on this aspect, as part of the inducement. The Czechs are to connect with the Jugo-Slavs and the Roumanians *via* the Danube, *under the protection of the League of Nations;* and when we examine the clauses in the Treaty dealing with waterways it is clear that ample provision is made for the control of that river, on which Board Britain is to sit. Now rivers are things of sentiment. Such an arrangement will stab the Austrians in the quick. It is a mechanism of machination, essentially undemocratic, indefensible save as a military measure. So Britons are to act as co-policemen of the Danube! What should we say if the Spanish were to have the rights of patrol on the Thames? Yet such is the provision. The League sets up a military cordon, not really for national reasons, but for military reasons; it is a *Napoleonic Confederation of the Danube.*

The reconstitution of Poland is again a desirability, but always the psychology of the people should be closely studied and the standard of civilisation considered. Manifestly the old Polish Kingdom could not in its entirety be re-established, for it would comprise the Ukraine, Bess-

arabia, Moldavia, and Livonia. Nor must we forget that it was Henry of Valois, brother of the author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, who with the religious persecutions laid the seeds of Polish disruption, as the chosen King of Poland, thus leading to religious warfare with Russia, culminating in the series of partitions far more caused by Polish religious trouble than national. Thus the new Polish creation cuts into Germany, but does not cut into Russia, who was the cause of Poland's disruption. Clearly, then, Poland cannot be wholly reconstituted. Can you cut back a century and a half—creatively? This is an arbitrary aggrandisement obviously inspired by military reasons. Poland was no Alsace-Lorraine, she will now become one. I cannot believe you can play constructively with peoples in so light a way. The contemplated divisions place the Protestant Germans under Polish Catholicism. Can this be in the interest of progress? Charming as the Poles are, they have not hitherto been politically creative. We unquestionably here cross a law of life. As for the powerful minority of Polish Jews under an inflamed Polish irredentism, their lot will almost certainly be pitiable,* unless the League takes precautions, and as the Poles have had peculiarly little experience in self-government, the experiment of placing the methodical German under Polish administration must by all who know the two peoples concerned be conceded to be hazardous and culturally unwarrantable. The question is, on what principle, of democracy or of Nemesis, is this huzzar slash at the shade of Frederick the Great justified? No explanation is vouchsafed in the Covenant. On national grounds it can hardly be defended, unless we are all prepared to start from a given date in history and all return to the confines of our respective territories at such a date, which very palpably is not the case. The restoration of Poland at the expense of Prussia is admittedly retaliation; it is to flout the lessons and meaning of history; as before shown, it will economically shatter Prussia and, as it is designed as part of the "block" cordon, will create a feud of implacable intensity which will try the moral sanction of the League in its cradle.

* A pogrom of the Jews was the inaugurating act of Polish policy; they have since seized the oil of the Ukrainians.

Another outstanding effect of the Treaty, enough to raise the ghost of Cromwell with his Protestant policy standard high over the "Horse Guards," is the considerable reconstitution of Catholic Europe which necessarily will ensue with the creations. Thus Greater Poland in political communion once more with France; Czecho-Slovakia and Greater Italy and the Catholic Croats of Jugo-Slavdom; these Catholic ascendencies with the excisions made in Protestant Prussia displace Protestant for a Catholic political Europe. This aspect of the problem is significant. To us, faced with the Catholic problem of Ireland, it is at least a paradox. We may say truly that out of Armageddon Catholicism has emerged triumphant.

The truth is that the creations and redemarcations are *not the result of principle;* they are the *exact consequence of the various secret treaties* made between the conquering Powers, as any man can see who takes the trouble to glance at the book called *The Secret Treaties*, compiled by Seymour Cocks. Notoriously is this the case with Italy's demands. Take Dalmatia. Out of a population of 635,000, only 18,000 are Italians, yet Italy is to annex this province, according to the Treaty. The whole basis of this Treaty was the "sacred egoism" of Italy, who aimed at the political domination of the Adriatic, out of which plan there arose the idea of forming a Jugo-Slav enclave to shut out Austria-Hungary from the sea, and it was the enforcement of this policy that, as we have seen, made nugatory the fourteen points. Historically, there is no justification. Trieste has been Austrian since 1382. Istria is only 38 per cent. Italian. Professor Salvemini has defined Italy's policy as the prevention of an Austrian fleet and the substitution of a "new State which has no fleet, and which we can prevent from creating one." And so it has been decided. Pan-Italia is to spreadeagle right down the Adriatic, which will thus be an Italian water. If this is the beginning of a New Order, the Old cannot have been so bad. The difference between a Pan-Germany and a Pan-Italia is thus merely a matter of efficiency.

Similarly with the redispositions of Asiatic Turkey—they follow the Secret Treaty. In all probability the same course will be adopted towards Persia, the 1907 agreement of partition between Russia and Britain having been

denounced by the Soviet Government. So the more things change, the more they remain the same!

Inquiry into the motives of politicians is a sterile pursuit, but when they sit for six months in solemn conclave for the avowed purpose of reforming and readjusting Europe, democracy has unquestionably the right to know on what principles they have acted and what is the moral code which has guided their decisions. They have left out all such explanation in the Covenant, and we know that the fourteen points were long ago jettisoned. To-day the similarity between the Holy Alliance of 1815 and the Hunger Court of Control of 1919 is too striking to escape notice. Indeed the League is clearly leaning towards reaction at home and abroad, exactly as its counterpart under the "visionary" Tsar. It is supporting the Mannesheim Government in Finland, the Boyars or autocratic landed proprietors of Roumania, the Polish Party of imperialism and anti-semitism, the irredentists of Italy and the new creations as a considered policy of military control. It is at this moment formally recognising Koltchak in Russia, who is to crush out Bolshevism or revolutionary Russia precisely as in 1818 the Alliance turned upon Liberal Europe under the feudal flail of Metternich. All this with the instrument of the Blockade, or hunger pressure. This, of course, is the inevitable consequence of a compromise Covenant, and a Peace which deprives the major part of Europe of opportunity. Such is the position we have arrived at to-day after six months of diplomatic chatter centred round three men, only one of whom knew what he wanted and knew how to get it.

The result is the very chaos that the League of Nations was designed to prevent. Instead of satisfying the Peoples. the League has disturbed all Peoples, because it could not act on principle. Japan has taken French leave to compensate herself as she can—in China and in Siberia; she will thus remain militarist and imperialist, and in the East the sun will continue to rise on armaments and concessions. Ireland remains a chaotic isolation, governed by Tanks. Revolts and peoples' movements are threatened in almost every part of the globe and the Mandatory aeroplanes are kept busy. We fought to end militarism, we have got it here instead. Politically, we have attached ourselves to

France and have lost our independence—this we never did in 1815 because of Parliamentary control. And only *reaction can maintain the equilibrium.* Thus the extraordinarily difficult time of reconstruction finds us with a Government based upon a Parliament artificially packed through a victory election, losing power daily, *de facto* without sanction. No attempt is made to meet the economic situation. We jazz literally on the lustre of our arms. Over it all looms the capitalist fear of Bolshevism, the fourteen points are evaporating into the reaction of a Metternich.

We return to the Covenant because it is the world's only hope. Now the first condition of success is sincerity. It is the lack of moral sincerity which has made the Covenant so slender a reed, the fulness of material sincerity which has made the Treaty so embracing. What progress there is to record lies thus solely in the conscience of mankind, which to-day at least is awake, whereas in 1815 it was dormant; it will not again, no matter how formidable the restrictions, how severe the penalties, recede into darkness. In truth, the Peoples are far ahead of their masters. They are ready for imaginative experiments. They will not now be content to accept the secret diplomacy of their fathers. They are in essentials to-day nearer to Lincoln than Paris has shown itself to be abreast of Wellington. The reason of course is the economic system, which is devoid of moral values. The war thus leaves us with war, with the economic struggle which unquestionably will be fought out this century between man and capital. Only feebleness of mind would shirk this problem, which a true League of Nations could have raised above a mere point of negation. But instead, the League has chosen to accentuate the already crass discrepancies of the economic system now partially clogged by inanition. To pretend that the prospect is peace would be idle. To imagine that one group of Powers can indefinitely possess and proclaim the sources of wealth at the expense of the rest is to ignore history. To hope that correction of mind can be be brought about by force is to reject Christianity. To assume that the beaten peoples struggling against hunger will acquiesce constructively in an arrangement which deprives them of national and economic opportunity is to think obliquely. To believe, finally, that the temper of Shakespearian and Crom-

wellian Britain will long consent to act as oppressor of the freedom of Peoples is to misjudge the genius of our civilisation. What is built on hate will go, for, as it is written, without vision the Peoples perish.

A new co-operative Europe could have been—can still be—erected on a basis of conciliation, international and economic partnership, but no recolouring of the map, as ordained in the Treaty, can hope to establish a New Order based on the old position of vertical power accentuated by annihilating economic penalties which deprive the major half of Europe of inducement. This was quintessentially a war of moral purpose, and by the test of that purpose finally we shall be judged. Our honour is engaged; more, the very meaning of our civilisation. That is why the Covenant must needs be all or nothing. What use is made of it will depend not upon our masters, but upon the democracies of the new groupings, and very particularly of Britain. We possess in that mechanism, however tenuous its conception, a Court which, unlike that of 1815, is at least accessible to the will of democracy. If the problem of war is to be tackled, the causes of war must first be considered, discussed aloud, wrestled with by the Peoples who alone can formulate an equation. Such an equation cannot exist with sanitary cordons and forceful economic displacements compelled by the hunger of the Blockade. The sentiments of life must be reckoned with. The wrongs of history can be righted co-operatively, they never can be righted by force. That of course is a truism. Yet it is there that the League has failed. Nor can there be any hope of a New Order until the principles which must govern all co-operative utility are induced as the reigning law of the Peoples. The need is therefore of public morality. Expiation certainly, but then construction, reconciliation. We have a mechanism. It remains to be seen whether the Peoples can give it the life of spirituality without which the war, *pace* the Covenant, will have been fought in vain.

To sum up; the Peace Treaty is one thing, the Covenant is another; put them together—and neither can work without the other—the result is world cacophony, in the discord of which every little People will join, every interdependent unit or aspiring ethnic nucleus, from Africa to China. Now the net result of such disintegration must imply

political instability, which again must react disastrously upon credit, whose functional precondition is confidence. Thus in lieu of harmony, the Peace and Covenant will produce disharmony, and all the designs of men who held out vistas of super-production and untold wealth will be frustrated. Economically, this Treaty spells disturbance, not security. All Europe will be plunged into regions of economic sterility, and we shall be compelled to finance all our new strategic formations—to preserve the peace. This consequence will soon be seen.

Morally, and curiously enough all wars are won or lost according to their moral values finally, the Treaty is indefensible. Already numbers of the American commission have resigned; it may be accepted that America will have a good deal to say to the Treaty before it is ratified, and as the President's failure becomes known that opinion will react sharply against it. It is so reacting here, and this we can test by Lord Robert Cecil's somewhat despairing cry, pleading for reliance on the Covenant: *i.e.*, more secret wangling.

Lastly, there is the Blockade. That instrument six months after the armistice is an infamy, unworthy of our British spirit, and is particularly disliked in the Navy. It must come off. Opinion, I am confident, will soon enforce its removal, and if politicians imagine people will quietly permit enemy women and children to be starved in the name of a League of Nations, they are reckoning without the conscience of the People who to-day demand peace on a basis of justice.

The truth is that the whole Treaty will require not only rectification but recasting. The thing of Paris is not gentlemanly. It enslaves our enemies and degrades the victors. It means that the governing classes have failed.

And it creates continuous conditions of war. Thus Armageddon ends in farce. Humour might save the situation. Nothing else will. Fourteen points of merriment can be to-day the world's salvation.

Afghanistan and Islam

By "Seminole"

RECENT events in Afghanistan may be due to a variety of causes, but the principal influences include the following :—

1. Delayed action German war propaganda.
2. Active agitation by the Young Turk Party.
3. The efforts of Indian and Egyptian agitators.
4. The overflow of Bolshevik ideas from Russia.
5. Opportunism in Afghanistan.
6. The natural and real alarm spreading throughout the Mohammedan world.
7. The "esprit révolutionnaire" of the time.

To explain in detail the above causes of unrest :

Much German war propaganda has only begun to take effect in remote areas. Later day agitators make use of and exaggerate the German claims whilst discounting or denying the facts of the Allied victories.

The dismemberment of Turkey has afforded the Young Turk Party a good opportunity for a revival of the Pan-Turanian movement. The revolt in Egypt, vastly magnified, was the first move; chaos in the Caucasus, Persia and Afghanistan the second, but real trouble in India is the ultimate aim. The intention is so to intimidate or embarrass the British that some mitigation of the peace terms in Turkey may result. The unrest in the Mohammedan world is being very cleverly used by the Hindu agitator in order to create, through confusion, favourable ground for the advance of the Indian Revolutionary programme. The blame is to fall upon the Mohammedan—the loss upon the Moslem and the British, and whilst the struggle continues, the Hindu, publicly accusing fanatical Islam, secretly foments the discontent. Anything tending to make British Rule in India impossible helps the Indian Revolutionary. In this respect it is a mistake to suppose that a few misguided Bengalis or Mahrattas are at the back of it all. Many Indians in the

highest and most trusted (by the British) positions, mentally, actively, and secretly assist the movement for the overthrow of the British autocratic Government. In conversation, such of the latter who discuss the matter at all with individual Britons claim that it is wrong to govern India on a permanent D.O.R.A.

The Russian trans-Caspian Bolshevik has not been idle in Afghanistan or Persia. The collapse of the Kaiser and many other kings is sapping the old tribal characteristic of loyalty to chieftains. Great Britain is represented as the capitalistic tyrant of the East—as the exploiter of Asiatics, and as determined to do away with the "self-determination" of Persia and Afghanistan.

Afghanistan has many old scores to pay off, *e.g.*, the second Afghan War, Lord Roberts' treatment of Khost, *et cetera*, and there is always loot as an incentive to Afghan cupidity. The troubles of the new monarch may cause his supporters to divert attention by opportunist raids into India. The extent of the Indian unrest is vastly exaggerated by rumour and report in Afghanistan.

The backward educational and economical state of the Mohammedan world has begun to really agitate its leaders. The dismemberment of Turkey, the disabilities of Persia, the absorption of Africa, and the undue deference shown to Christian and Hindu agitation, have seriously alarmed the whole Mohammedan world. Moslems begin to feel they are being beaten out of the race and forced into an inferior status. Fanaticism has practically ceased to exist except in remote parts of Arabia, but a realisation of the economic disabilities Mohammedans are bound to suffer in comparison with races not so hampered by religious mandates against usury, *et cetera*, tends to produce almost a panic. Afghanistan and Persia are the only two great Mohammedan sovereignties left, and the former the only really militant one.

The proper refusal by the Peace Conference of the preposterous demands made by the King of the Hijāz spread disappointment throughout the Mohammedan world, and the general tendency of all Islam is to, in self defence, rally towards its strongest point. This tendency is healthy and natural, but none the less real. Unfortunately, the unscrupulous assistance given to militant action by the

subtle suggestions of outsiders, such as Hindus or Bolsheviki, and the individual ambitions of Young Turk, Persian, Afghan, and other politicians tend to precipitate disorder. The point of attack chosen is India.

Local repressive measures in India can only be temporary expedients or may lead to commitments in the way of occupation of Afghanistan which would overload the carrying capacity of our Empire vehicle.

As during the war, the first attack upon India took place in Africa, *i.e.*, Tripoli revolts and Suez Canal operations, Egypt now once again is the outpost line of the revolutionist; the line of communication stretches across Syria, Turkey, Mesopotamia to Persia. In Persia may be found the advanced base of revolutionary Islamic propaganda, and from here, as was the case with German activities, the intellectual support to Afghan militant action is distributed. Whether the influence be German, anti-British, pro-Turk, revolutionary Bolshevik, or fanatical, its best opportunity is most easily studied in Persia. Here then is an important point for occupation by the forces of orderly progress. Just as the attack in Bulgaria precipitated the collapse of the Central Empires, a sure control in Persia would cut the revolutionary Islamic forces in twain.

In combating the Moslem revolutionary, careful distinction should be made between him and the representatives of Islamic culture, such as the Indian deputation now protesting in Turkey's favour at Paris. Islam is the Mohammedan League of Nations idea, and only under the Islamic System do Mohammedans and their religion best thrive. Islamic alarm is justified. To attribute the Afghan trouble to local causes alone and to deal with it as a separate issue or purely in a repressive manner would be an error. The Afghan needs the ridiculous swashbuckling conceit knocked out of him to enable him to see things in perspective, but in dealing with Afghanistan and Turkey and other Mohammedan countries the gravest respect should be paid to the legitimate aspirations of Islam.

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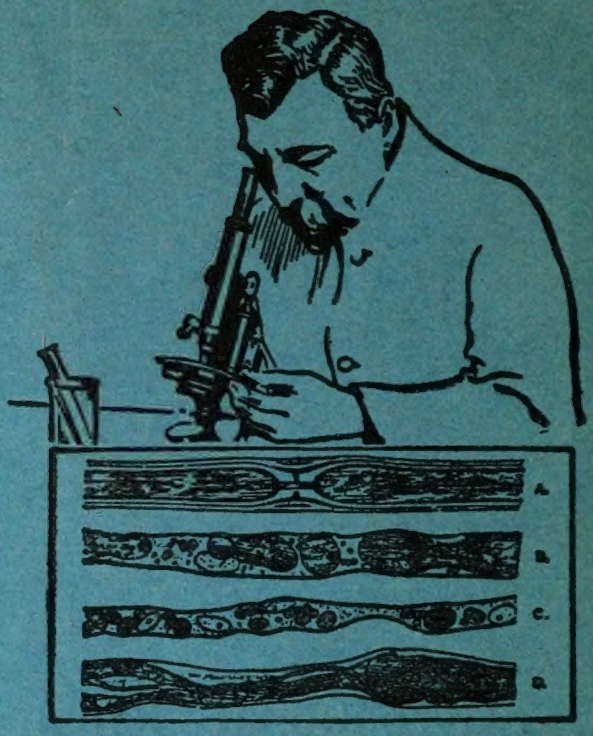

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